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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Devil's Charter

By Barnabe Barnes

Date of only known original edition 1607

(*Dyce, South Kensington; and B.M. C. 34. c. 3.*)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 2.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Devil's Charter

By BARNABE BARNES

1607

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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This facsimile is from an original copy in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington. There are two other copies in the British Museum and another in the Bodleian. All four copies vary one from another, in all likelihood the result of corrections made while in course of printing. The play was reprinted for the first time in "Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas," edited by Mr. R. B. McKerrow, in which this particular question was fully discussed. Mr. McKerrow's conclusion was that the B.M. copy (C. 34, c. 3) "in most sheets represents the most correct form," though, from the tabular results given, the Dyce copy appears to follow very closely: reference to this reprint is indispensable to the student.

The originals, one and all, are in poor condition; type is battered, and the printing is imperfect. On the whole the Dyce copy is the best; but, here again, eight pages were too bad to reproduce; these have been supplied from the B.M. copy (C. 34. c. 3): they are I, I2, I3, I3v., I4, I4v., L3, M3. Bearing these facts in mind the present facsimile is satisfactorily done.

Of the author the "D.N.B." treats fully as far as facts are known.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE DIVILS CHARTER:

A TRAGÆDIE

Conteining the Life and Death of *Pope* ALEXANDER *the ſixt.*

As it was plaide before the Kings Maieſtie, vpon Candlemaſſe night laſt: by his Maieſties Seruants.

But more exactly reuewed, corrected, and augmented ſince by the Author, for the more pleaſure and profit of the Reader.

by Mr. Barnaby Barnes.

AT LONDON
Printed by G. E. for *Iohn Wright*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in New-gate market, neere Chriſt church gate. 1607.

TO THE
HONORABLE AND HIS
VERY DEARE FRIENDS
SIR WILLIAM HERBERT,
AND SIR WILLIAM
POPE *KNIGHTS*,
ASSOCIATES IN THE
NOBLE ORDER OF
THE BATHE.

BARNABE BARNES, CONSE-
CRATETH HIS LOVE.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
DYCE BEQUEST
1869

The Tragædie of *Alexander* the 6.

PROLOGVS.

GRacious ſpectators doe not heere expect,
Viſions of pleaſure, amorous diſcourſe:
Our ſubiect is of bloud and Tragedie,
Murther, foule Inceſt, and Hypocriſie.
Behold the Strumpet of proud Babylon,
Her Cup with fornication foaming full
Of Gods high wrath and vengeance for that euill,
Which was impoſd vpon her by the Diuill.

Francis Guicchiardine.

SEnt from the Chriſtall Palace of true *Fame*,
And bright Starre-Chamber of eternall ſoules,
Seuerd from Angels fellowſhip awhile,
To dwell with mortall bodies here on earth:
I *Francis Guicciardine* a *Florentine*,
Am by the powerfull and commanding Muſe,
(Which beareth domination in our ſoules)
Sent downe to let you ſee the Tragedie,
Of *Roderigo Borgia* lately Pope,
Calld the ſixt *Alexander*, with his ſonne
Proud *Cæſar*: to preſent vnto your eyes,
Their faithleſſe, feareleſſe, and ambitious liues:
And firſt by what vngodly meanes and Art,
Hee did attaine the Triple-Diadem,
This viſion offerd to your eyes declares.

Hee with a ſiluer rod mooueth the ayre three times.
Enter,
At one doore betwixt two other Cardinals, Roderigo *in his purple habit cloſe in conference with them, one of which hee gnideth to a Tent, where a Table is furniſhed with diuers bagges of money, which that Cardinall beareth away: and to another Tent the other Cardinall, where hee deliuereth him a great quantity of rich Plate, imbraces, with ioyning of hands.* Exeunt *Card.* Manet Roderigo.

To whome from an other place a Moncke with a magical booke and rod, in priuate whisperinge with Roderick, *whome the Monke draweth to a chaire en midst of the Stage which hee circleth, and before it an other Circle, into which (after semblance of reading with exorcisme) appeare exhalations of lightning and sulphurous smoke in midst whereof a diuil in most vgly shape: from which* Roderigo *turneth his face, hee beeing coniured downe after more thunder and fire, ascends another diuill like a Sargeant with a mace vnder his girdle:* Roderigo *disliketh. Hee discendeth: after more thunder and fearefull fire, ascend in robes pontificall with a triple Crowne on his head, and Crosse keyes in his hand: a diuill him ensuing in blacke robes like a pronotary, a cornerd Cappe on his head, a box of Lancets at his girdle, a little peece of fine parchment in his hand, who beeing brought vnto* Alexander, *hee willingly receiueth him; to whome hee deliuereth the wryting, which seeming to reade, presenti, the Pronotary strippeth vp* Alexanders *sleeue and letteth his arme bloud in a saucer, and hauing taken a peece from the Pronotary, subscribeth to the parchment; deliuereth it: the remainder of the bloud, the other diuill seemeth to suppe vp; and from him disrobed is put the rich Cap the Tunicle, and the triple Crowne set vpon* Alexanders *head, the Crosse-keyes deliuered into his hands; and withall a magicall booke: this donne with thunder and lightning the diuills discend:* Alexander *aduanceth himselfe, and departeth.*

Guicchiardine.

Thus first with golden bribes he did corrupe
The purple conclaue: then by diueliſh art
Sathan transſigur'd like a *Pronotarie*
To him makes offer of the triple Crowne
For certaine yeares agreed betwixt them two.
The life of action ſhall expreſſe the reſt.

ACT.

ACTVS. 1. SCÆN. 1.

Enter marching after drummes & trumpets at two ſeuerall places, King Charles *of France*, Gilbert Mompanſeir, *Cardinall of Saint* Peter ad Vincula: *ſoldiers: encountring them* Lodowik Sforza, Charles Balbiano, *the King of France and* Lodowike *embrace.*

Char. Renowned *Lodowik* our warlike Couzen,
Auſpiciouſly encountred on the skirtes
Of *Piedmont*, we greete you ioyfully.
Lodo. Thriſe and foreuer moſt renowned *Charles*,
A faithfull tongue from an vnfained heart
As a iuſt herrold full of truth and honor
On the behalfe of forlorne *Italie*
Needing and craving at your Princely hands,
The patronage and true protection
Of ſuch a Potent and victorious King
Humbly ſalutes your royall Maieſty.
The ſhippe of which ſome-time well guided ſtate,
Is through tempeſtious times malignity
By worthleſſe Pilots, fooliſh Gouerners
Mutually factious, like to ſinck through Schiſme
Into the bottome of the blacke abiſme
Through th' impoſition of neceſſity.
Do not loh do not then (moſt Chriſtian *Charles*)
Do not forſake hir holding vp hir hands
For ſuccor to your royall Clemency:
Hir ſayles are rent, maſtes ſpent and rudder brooke
And vnder water ſuch wide open leakes
As vnder water ſoone will make her ſinke.
Having beene bilg'd vpon ſo many ſhelues,
So torne, ſo rotten and ſo long vnrig'd,
And playing with the waues to and againe
As one not gouerned with helpe of heime.
One then whome nature in his vowes to God,
Hath tied to tender her forlorne eſtate
With eyes fore-ſeeing and compaſſionate,

Retenders her to your high Maieſtie,
A Chriſtian Prince ſo wiſe ſo valiant:
Vndoubted heire vnto the Crowne of *Naples*,
By lawfull right of that greate houſe of *Anion*:
Of which your grace is well knowne lawfull heire,
By th'iſſues of that *Charles* the firſt, that firſt
Of the bloud royall of the Crowne of *France*,
Obtain'd that Kingdome ages manie paſt.
Theſe reaſons weare with *Lodowik Sforza* mou'd,
To moue your Maieſty with martiall force
To paſſe theſe mountaines to poſſeſſe your owne.
March then moſt Chriſtian and renowned Prince,
Aduance thy lilly ſtandard potent King:
And ſince all ſkandalls are remoū'd and cleer'd,
Strike vp your cheerefull drummes and march along
In Gods name; with good auſpices of Saint *Denys*,
I know you doubt not mine integrity:
Can more groſſe error reſt in pollicy.
Then firſt to raiſe a turbulent ſharpe ſtorme,
And vnaduiſedly to leaue defence
To doubtfull chance and poſſibilities,
To broach ſtrong poyſon is too dangerous,
And not be certeine of the preſent vertue
Which is contained in his Antidot.
Wilde fire permitted without limmit burnes,
Euen to conſume them that firſt kindled it:
I did aduiſe you, I inducted you,
And *Lodowike*, which brought you on with honor,
Will bring you of with triumph and renowne.

Char. Embrace me Couzen *Sforza*: by the ſoules
Of my forefathers I reioyce as much
In thy deare friendſhip and wiſe induſtrie,
As in the more parte of my patrimonie:
Courage togither let vs ſhare all one,
In life, in death, in purchaſe or in none.

Enter a Meſſenger with letters to Charles.

Theſe newes are fortunate for *Daubigny*,
Aduertiſeth how that the Colonneſes,

Although

(Although *Alfonſo* did accord with them,)
Declared haue them-ſelues for *France* and vs,
Without diſſembling or hypocriſie.
Lodo. Why this was it I did expect great *Charles*,
Our armies and our friends haue beene long ſowne,
The ground well plowed, the blade is full come vp,
And doubt not we ſhall haue a ioyfull haruest.
Char. Cooſen *Montpanſier*
March with your regiments to *Pontremols*,
Expect vs, or from vs directions,
To meete our forces, when wee come neere *Florence*,
There ſhall you finde the *Swiſſe* with their Artillerie,
Newly by ſea brought vnto *Spetia*,
Come Cooſen march we cheerefully together,
Faire is the way, faire fortune, and faire wether,
Mompanſier *with ſome ſouldiers and Enſignes before.*
King Charles *with* Lodowike *and his ſoldiers after.*

SCENA. 2.

Enter 2. *Gentlemen with Libels in their hands.*

1. *Gent.* Nay ſuch prophane and monſtrous *Sodomie*,
Such obſcure Inceſt and Adultery,
Such odious Anarice and perfidie,
Such vinolence and brutiſh gluttony,
So barren of ſincere integritie.
2. *Gent.* In whom there is no ſhame nor veritie,
Faith nor religion, but meere cruelty?
Immoderate ambition, guilfull treacherie,
Such prophanation and Apoſtacie,
And in all falſehood ſuch dexteritie.
1. *Gent.* As heauens deteſt, and men on earth diſtaſte.
2. *Gent.* Such impious ſacriledge, ſuch adulation:
1. *Gent.* Of all good men ſuch deteſtation.
2. *Gent.* Such Magick skill, ſuch diuiliſh incantation.
1. *Gent.* Apparant figures of damn'd reprobation.
2. *Gent.* As in all thoughts is thought abhomination.

1. *Gent.* Time

1. *Gent.* Time will out-ſtrip vs; for the morning ſtarre,
Portends the mounting of faire *Phœbus* Carre.
2. *Gent.* Haſt we, for danger drawne on by delay,
Admits no time to tarry till cleere day.
1. *Gent.* Fix on your Papers, theſe for *Alexander*
And his ambitious *Ceſar*: ſet on yours.
Hale reuerent Paſquill, Idoll of veritie, *As hee fixeth on his papers.*
Accept theſe ſacrifices which we bring.
2. *Gent.* Theſe be ſinne offrings figuring foule vice.
Oh glorious guider of the golden Spheres,
And thou that from thy pretious lyricke ſtrings
Makes Gods and men in heauen and earth to dance
With ſacred touch of ſweeteſt harmony:
Pitty theſe times, by whoſe malignitie,
We looſe our grace, and thou thy dignity.
1. *Gent.* High Muſe, which whilome vertues patronized,
In whoſe eternall rowles of memory
The famous acts of Princes were comprized
By force of euer-liuing Hiſtorie:
What ſhall wee doe to call thee backe againe?
True Chronicler of all immortall glory,
When here with mortall men nought is deuiſ'd,
But how all ſtories with foule vice to ſtaine;
So that alas thy gratious Oratorie,
Which with meere truth and vertue ſimpathiz'd,
Is ſilent; and wee Poets now with paine,
(Which in *Caſtalian* Fountaines dip'd our quilles)
Are forc'd of mens impietie to plaine;
And well thou woteſt, wrought againſt our wills,
In rugged verſe, vile matters to containe:
And herein lurkes the worſt of mortall ills,
That *Rome* (which ſhould be Vertues Paradice)
Bare of all good, is wilderneſſe of vice.
2. *Gent.* How luculent and more conſpicuous
Euen then the ſunne, in cleereſt Maieſtie,
His vehement and more then helliſh thirſt
Soaring to pearch vpon the ſpire of honour
Diſplaies his baſtard wings: and in that neſt

Where

Where princely Fawlcons, or *Ioues* kingly Birds,
Should hatch their young ones, plants his rauenous Harpies,
His graceleſſe, impious, and diſaſtrous ſonnes,
Euen in the ſoueraigne Chaire of domination.

1. *Gent.* But chiefly one, that diueliſh Cardinall,
Proud *Cæſar*, farſt, with fierce impietie:
His Oracle and inſtrument of ſhame
In all nefarious plotts and practiſes,
Is now become as wicked as himſelfe:
But haſt we now, leaſt any ſhould ſuſpect.

2. *Gent.* Much conference with *Paſquill* may detect vs.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA. 3.

Enter Giſmond di Viſſelli, *and after him* Barbaroſſa.

Bar. *Dio vi guarda Signior illuſtriſſimo:* whether in ſuch haſt my noble Lord thus early?

Gif. *Signior Barbaroſſa* in happy time well encountred, for I haue ſome buſineſſe this morning with my brother the Duke of *Candie*, wherein I would both vſe your counſell and countenance.

Bar. My good Lord *Viſelli*, the countenance of your deuoted poore friend, is of leſſe value then his counſell, yet both of very ſmall validity: ſuch as they be, with his life and beſt fortunes he ſincerely ſacrificeth all to your ſeruice.

Gif. Pardon mee deere ſir no ſeruice more then reciprocall, and in due paritie betwixt vs, and ſince wee be ſo neere it, let vs not paſſe *Paſquill* without an *Aue*: what ſcandalous hyeroglyphickes haue wee heere?

A. S. P. M.
Auritia, Superbia, Perfidia, Malitia,
Alexander, Sextus, Pontifex, Maximus.
Againſt my Lord the Popes holineſſe ſuch blaſphemous impudence, ſuch intollerable bitterneſſe!

M. P. S. A. Theſe are the ſame letters with the firſt beginning at the laſt, *Magnum Petrum Sequitur Antichriſtus. Phy Diabole*, our bleſſed *Alexander* (beeing *Saint Peeters* ſucceſſor) this diuliſh libeller calls *Antichriſt*.

Bar. Pauſe there my Lord a litle, ſome-what here concernes my Lord the Cardinall *Borgia.*

Gif. Read it good *Barbaroſſa.*

Bar. *Alexander Cæſarem ſuum Galero et purpura donauit vt menſtruoſo ſpiritus ſui veneno, vniuerſum ſimul conclaue ſuffocaret.*

Gif. Oh moſt intollerable abhomination?

Bar. *Allexander* adopted his ſonne *Cæſar* into the fellowſhip of Cardinalls, that he with the menſtruous poyſon of his breath might choake the whole Concla.e.

Gif. By the bleſſed alter of Saint *Peeter* this villanie ſurpaſſeth patience.

Bar. My Lord here's a long libell.

Gif. Read it good *Barbaroſſa*: more miſcheife of my wife, nay read it.

Bar. *Quid mirum?* Romæ *facta eſt* Lucretia Thais,
Vnica Alexandri *filia, ſponſa nurus,*
The ſame in effect inſueth.
Welcome good Poſt from *Rome* tell vs ſome newes,
Lucrece is turned *Thayis* of the ſtewes:
In whome her father *Alexander* ſaw,
His onely daughter, wife, and daughter in law,
Shall I read on my Lord? here is much more.

Gif. Nay read out all, it is but of a whore.

Bar. *Franceſco di Gonſaga* was the firſt,
That married *Lucrece Alexanders* daughter,
And yet the Pope thoſe bains of bridale burſt,
And made of marriage ſacrament a laughter,
His reaſon was becauſe that fellow poore,
Lackt maintenance for ſuch a noble whore.

Gif. Malignant aſpect of vngratious ſtars,
Why haue you poynted at my miſeries?

Bar. Haue patience good my Lord and here the reſt,

Gif. *Patienza per forza*, but this wounds to th'quick.

Bar. *Iohn Sforza* now Lord *Marques of Peſoare*,
Was ſecond husband to this ioly dame,
Of natures faculties he being bare,
In like ſtate with his predeceſſor came,
Becauſe he, when he ſhould haue writ his mind,

Paper

Paper well might; but pen or incke none finde.
Gif. Oh villainies of monſtrous people,
Faſhions and times deformed and vnſeaſonable,
Bar. Yet my Lord a little haue patience in your owne cauſe.
Gif. Mallice performe thy worſt leaſt comming late,
I with anticipation croſſe that fate. Read it, foot man.
Bar. Giſmond Viſelli, nobly deſcended,
Is for his ſhamefull match much diſcommended.
For neuer was the ſhameleſſe *Fuluia*,
Nor *Lais* noted for ſo many wooers,
Nor that vnchaſt profuſe *Sempronia*,
A common dealer with ſo many dooers,
So proud, ſo faithleſſe, and ſo voyd of ſhame,
As is new brodell bride *Lucretia*,
Take to thee *Giſmond* both the ſkorne and ſhame,
And liue long iealous of *Lucretia*.
With puſhing hornes keepe out all commers in,
For now thy mortall miſeries begin.
Gif. Mortall miſeries? but we are all mortall,
Fortune I ſcorne thy malice, and thy meed,
Keepe them vp ſafe that I may ſhew them to his holines,
Is this the licence which our citty *Rome*
Hath giuen to beaſtly *Bardes*, and ſatyriſts,
Ribbaldly Rimeſters, and malicious curs,
To leaue no ſtate of Church nor ſeculer,
Free from their ordure, and polution.
Good *Barbaroſſa* beare me Company:
Exile and Puniſhment for ſuch baſe poets,
And ſtripes with wiery ſcourges were too lide.
Which breathing here in *Rome*, and taking grace
From the faire Sunne-ſhine of this hemiſphere,
Contaminate that ayre with their vile breath.
Obumbrating this light by which they liue,
If theſe were truth: this times impietie,
May ſoone ſincke downe vnder the diety. *Exeunt.*

SCÆN. 4.

Alexander *in his ſtudy with bookes, coffers, his triple Crowne vpon a cuſhion before him.*

Alex. With what expence of money plate and iewels
This Miter is attayn'd my Coffers witneſſe:
But *Aſtaroth* my couenant with thee
Made for this ſoule more pretious then all treaſure,
Afflicts my conſcience, O but *Alexander*
Thy conſcience is no conſcience; if a conſcience,
It is a leoprouſe and poluted conſcience.
But what? a coward for thy conſcience?
The diuill is witneſſe with me when I ſeald it
And cauteriz'd this conſcience now ſeard vp
To baniſh out faith, hope and charity;
Vſing the name of Chriſtian as a ſtale
For *Arcane* plots and intricate deſignes
That all my miſty machinations
And Counſels held with black *Tartarian* fiends
Were for the glorious ſunne-ſhine of my ſonnes;
That they might mounte in equall parralel
With golden maieſty like *Saturnes* ſonne
To darte downe fire and thunder on their foes.
That, that was it, which I ſo much deſir'd
To ſee my ſonnes through all the world admir'd,
In ſpight of grace, conſcience, and *Acheron*
I will reioyce, and triumph in my Charter.

Alexander readeth.

Sedebis Roma Papa, ſumma in felicitate tui et
Filiorum annos 11. et 7. dies 8. poſt morieris.
Proviſo quod nunquam te ſignes tremenda
Crucis ſigno.

Aſtaroth.

The diuill prouideth in his couenant
I ſhould not croſſe my ſelfe at any time;
I neuer was ſo ceremonious.
Well this rich Miter thought it coſt me deare
Shall make me liue in pompe whilſt I liue heere.

Holla

Holla *Bernardo*? *He tincketh a bell.*
Call hether my two ſonnes the Duke of *Candy* and the
Cardinall of *Valence*.
Happie thoſe ſonnes whom fathers loue ſo well
That for their ſakes they dare aduenture hell.
Enter the Duke *of* Candy *and* Cæſar Borgia
ſtriuing for priority.
Come my deare ſonnes the comfort of my life
Yours is this earthly glory which I hold.
Cannot the ſpacious boundes of *Italy*
Diuided equally containe you both?
From *France* and *Swiſſerland* I will beginne
With *Naples* and thoſe Townes in *Peidmont*
And all the ſignories in *Lombardy*
From *Porta di Volane* to *Sauona*
And *Genes* on th' other ſide of *Italy*
Vpon the *Mediterranean* towards *Greece*;
Allotted *Candy* for his patrimony.
And in *Romania* from *Pontremolie*
And *Prato* to faire *Florence*; and from thence
In *Tuskany* within the Riuer *Narre*
And fruitfull *Arno* thoſe ſweete Prouinces
Euen to Mont *Alto*, *Naples*, *Policaſtro*
And *Petraſalia* in *Calabria*
The furtheſt of home of *Italy* for *Ceſar*.
Gaine dubble ſtrength with your vnited loues
Loue one another boies you ſhal be Kings:
Fortune hath beene auſpicious at my birth
And will continue gratious to mine end.
Caſtor and *Pollux* would not liue in Heauen
Vnleſſes they might be ſtellified togither,
You for a little-turfe of earth contend
When they togither ſhine the welkin cleeres:
And gentle gales beare fourth the winged ſailes,
But when they ſhine a parte they threaten ſtormes
And hiddeous tempeſts to the Marriners
Caſtor would not be called but *Pollux Caſtor*
And *Caſtor Caſtors Pollux*: ſo my *Candy*

Be *Ceſars Candy*, *Ceſar*, *Candies Ceſar*,
With perfect loue, deare boyes loue one another
So either ſhal be ſtrengthened by his brother.
Ca. Moſt bleſſed reuerend and renowned father,
The loue by nature to my brother *Candy*,
Enforceth me ſome-times in plainer ſort
To cleere my conſcience iſſuing from pure loue,
It is meere loue which mooues theſe paſſions,
When I do counſell or aduiſe your good.
Ca. I know deere brother when your counſell tends
Vnto my good, it iſſueth from pure loue.
Ca. As when I tax your princely conſcience
Like an vnpitted penetentiarie,
Brother with reuerence of his Holineſſe
Your heart is too much ſpic'd with honeſty,
Alex. I and I feare me he will find it ſo,
Your brother *Ceſar* tells you very true:
You muſt not be ſo ceremonious
Of oathes and honeſty, Princes of this world
Are not prickt in the bookes of conſcience,
You may not breake your promiſe for a world:
Learne this one leſſon looke yee marke it well,
It is not alwaies needfull to keepe promiſe;
For Princes (forc'd by meere neceſſity
To paſſe their faithfull promiſſes) againe
Forc'd by the ſame neceſſity to breake promiſe.
Ca. And for your more inſtructiõs learne theſe rules!
If any Cedar, in your forreſt ſpread,
And ouer-peere your branches with his top,
Prouide an axe to cut him at the roote,
Suborne informers or by ſnares intrap
That King of Flies within the Spiders Webbe;
Or els inſnare him in the Lions toyles.
What though the multitude applaud his fame:
Becauſe the vulgar haue wide open eares
Mutter amongſt them and poſſeſſe their hearts
That his deſignements wrought againſt the ſtate
By which yea wound him with a publicke hate,

So

So let him periſh, yet ſeeme pittifull
Cherriſh the weakeneſſe of his ſtocke and race
As if alone he meritted diſgrace.
Suffer your Court to mourne his funeralls,
But burne a bone-fire for him in your Chamber.
Alex. *Cæſar* deliuereth Oracles of truth.
Tis well ſayd *Cæſar*, yet attend a little,
And binde them like rich bracelets on thine armes
Or as a precious iewell at thine eare.
Suppoſe two factious Princes both thy friends
Ambitious both, and both competitors,
Aduance in hoſtile armes againſt each other
Ioyne with the ſtrongeſt to confound the weake
But let your wars foundation touch his Crowne,
Your neereſt Charity concernes your ſelfe;
Els let him periſh; yet ſeeme charitable,
As if you were meerely compoſ'd of vertue:
Beleeue me *Candy* things are as they ſeeme,
Not what they be themſelues; all is opinion:
And all this world is but opinion.
Looke what large diſtance is twixt Heauen and Earth,
So many leagues twixt wealth and honeſty:
And they that liue puling vpon the fruits
Of honeſt conſciences; ſtarue on the Common.
Cæſar can tell thee this in ample ſorte.
And *Cæſar* loue him, loue him hartily;
Though mildeneſſe do poſſeſſe thy brother *Candie*,
It is a gentle vice, vicining vertue.
Can. Vnder correction of your Holineſſe,
Thoſe warres which vertue leuies againſt vice,
Are onely knowne to ſome particulers
Which haue them wrytten in their conſciences.
Thoſe are the ſame they ſeeme, and in ſuch warres
Your ſonne ſhall make remonſtrance of his valour,
And ſo become true Champion of the Church.
Cæſ. It is the precious Ornament of Princes
To be ſtrong hearted, proud, and valiant,
But well attempred with callidity,

Brother

Brother with reuerence of his holineſſe
(Whoſe ſacred words like bleſſed Oracles
Haue pointed at your prudence) *Ceſar* would
Haue giuen the like aduiſe : but (in concluſion)
Vndoubtedly to worke out thy confuſion.

Enter Barnardo.

Ale. Vpon my bleſſing follow *Ceſars* counſell;
It tendeth to thy glory.

Bern. Moſt bleſſed Lord,
Embaſſadors from *Ferdinande* of *Naples*
Arriued heere attend your holineſſe.

Ale. This is a welcome meſſenger for *Godfrey*,
To make a marriage with the Lady *Sanuer*:
And *Candy* for ſo much as this requires
A ioyfull entertainment; take that honor
And bid him welcome with due complements.
Shew courteous, language laudable apporte;
Let them be feaſted in more ſumpteous ſort
Then ordinary meſſengers of ſtate:
Obſerue his ſpeeches, fathome his deſignes;
And for I know thy nature tractable,
And full of courteſie : ſhew courteſie
And good intreatie to them : *Gentle Candie*
Now ſhew thy ſelfe a politician;
I neede not giue thee large inſtructions;
For that I know thee wiſe, and honorable
Greete them from vs : *Ceſar* ſhall at a turne
Giue correſpondence to thy courteſie :
I as well fitteth with my ſtate and honor
Within theſe ten daies wil admit them hearing:
Meane while learne out by lore of policie
The ſubſtance of their motions, that we may
Be better arm'd to giue them reſolution.

Can. Your holineſſe in this ſhall ſee my skill,
To do you ſeruice, *Exit Candy.*

Alex. Ceſar now to thee.
This taske vpon thy ſhoulders onely leanes;
I reſt vpon thee *Ceſar*: were it not

Thus

That thou muſt ſecond it, or firſt it rather.
I durſt not truſt ſuch things of conſequence,
To feeble ſpirits: therefore from our ſtables
Six *Perſian* Courſers arm'd and furniſhed
With rich Capariſons of gold and Pearle,
With ſix rich Complet Armors for their ſaddles,
And ſuch a Cabbinet of pretious Iewels
As we ſhall chooſe within to morrow morning
Preſent from vs in token of our loue.
Let for no coſt in ſumptuous banqueting,
Beleeue me *Ceſar* ſome-times at a banquet,
More ground is got then at a bloudy battell.
Worme out their humors, fathom their delights,
If they delight in that which *Naples* couets,
Fine, witty, loue-ſick, braue, and beautifull,
Eloquent, glancing, full of fantaſies.
Such Sugar harted *Syrens*, or ſuch Commets,
As ſhine in our imperiall ſtate of *Rome*,
True pick-locks in cloſe wards of policie,
Preſent them with the Paragons of *Rome*:
And ſpare not for a Million in expence,
So long as here they keepe their reſidence.

Ceſar. *Ceſar* in ſuch a caſe will proue true *Ceſar*,
Wiſe, franke, and honorable.

Alex. I doubt it not:
And *Ceſar*, (as thou dooſt imbrace my loue,
More then the world beſides) accompliſh this,
And we ſhall *Ceſar* with high bleſſings bliſſe. *Exit*

Ceſ. By this time is my faire *Lucretia*,
Befitted for a buſineſſe of bloud,
Neerely concerning her eſtate and mine. *Exit.*

SCÆ. 5.

Enter Lucretia *alone in her night gowne untired, bringing in a chaire, which ſhe plantuth vpon the Stage.*

Luc. *Lucretia* caſt off all ſeruile feare,

Reuenge thy ſelfe vpon thy iealous husband
That hath betraid thine honor, wrong'd thy bed:
Feare not; with reſolution act his death:
Let none of *Borgias* race in policies
Exceed thee *Lucrece*: now proue *Cæſars* Sifter,
So deepe in bloudy ſtratagems as hee:
All ſinnes haue found examples in all times,
If womanly thou melt then call to minde,
Impatient *Medeas* wrathfull furie,
And raging *Clitemneſtraes* hideous fact:
Prognes ſtrange murther of her onely ſonne,
And *Danaus* fifty Daughters (all but one)
That in one night, their husbands ſleeping ſlew.
My cauſe as iuſt as theirs, my heart as reſolute,
My hands as ready. *Giſmond* I come,
Haild on with furie to reuenge theſe wrongs
And loue impoiſon'd with thy iealouſie,
I haue deuiſed ſuch a curious ſnare,
As iealious *Vulcan* neuer yet deuiſ'd,
To graſpe his armes vnable to reſiſt,
Deaths inſtruments incloſed in theſe hands.

She kneeleth downe.

You griefly Daughters of grimme *Erebus*,
Which ſpit out vengeance from your viperous heires,
Infuſe a three-fold vigor in theſe armes;
Imarble more my ſtrong indurate heart,
To conſumate the plot of my reuenge.

She riſeth and walketh paſſionately.

Enter Giſmond di Viſelli *vntruſſed in his Night-cap, tying his points.*

Heere comes the ſubiect of my Tragedy.

Giſ. What my *Lucretia* walking alone?
Theſe ſolitarie paſſions ſhould bewray
Some diſcontentment, and thoſe gracious eyes
Seeme to be moou'd with anger, not with loue:
Tell me *Lucretia*, may thy *Giſmond* know?

Luc. Demaundſt thou the cauſe iniurious *Giſmond*?
When like a recluſe (ſhut vp from the world)

I liue

I liue cloſe priſoner to thy iealouſie?
The'*Eſperian* Dragons kept not with more watch,
The golden fruit, then thou my fatall beauty:
Thou wouldſt exclude me from the ſight of Sunne,
But that his beames breake through ſome creuiſies
Thou wouldſt debarre me from the common ayre,
But that againſt my will I ſuck it in,
And breath it out in ſcalding ſighes againe:
Were I in *Naxos* where no noiſe is heard
But *Neptunes* rage, no ſights but ruthleſſe rocks,
Or in the *Libian* deſerts, or exchang'd
This Hemiſphere of *Rome* for th' *Antipodes*,
Were not ſo grieuous as to dwell in *Rome*,
Baniſh'd from ſight and conſcience of friends.
Giſ. Blam'ſt thou my iealouſie? nay blame thy beauty,
And loue impriſon'd in thoſe amorous lookes:
I feare the Sunnes reflections on thy face,
Leaſt he more wondring at thy precious eyes,
Then any Nimphes which he moſt honored,
Should beare thee to ſome other Paradice,
And rob me, ſilly man, of this worlds ioy.
I feare the windes leaſt amorous *Ioue* in them,
(Enuying ſuch pretious nature amongſt men)
With extreame paſſion hence ſhould hurry thee.
Oh loue is full of feare: all things I feare,
By which I might be fruſtrate of thy loue.
Luc. Scoffſt thou mee *Giſmond* with continuall taunts?
Oh God of heauens, ſhall I both ſuffer ſhame
And ſcorne, with ſuch diſpiſd captiuitie.
Giſ. Here in the preſence of the powers in Heauen,
I doe not ſpeake in ſcorne, but in meere loue:
And further *Lucreſe*, (of thy clemencie,
For loue, and beautie, both are riche in bountie)
Forgiue me what is paſt, and I will ſweare,
Neuer to vex thee with more iealouſie.
Luc. Thou wilt forſweare thy ſelfe: *Giſmond* come hither?
Sit downe and anſwer me this queſtion. *Giſmond ſitteth downe in a Chaire; Lucretia on a ſtoole beſide him.*

When I beſtowed on thee this diamond,
A Iewell once held precious as my life;
And with it caſt away my ſelfe on thee
Didſt thou not promiſe to maintaine mine honour,
Neither in word nor deed to giue ſuſpect
Of thy diſlike; and haſt thou not ſince then
In preſence of my neereſt Noble friends
Rebuk'd me like a *Layis* for my lightneſſe?
And as a miſer lockes his mony vp
So me reſtraind from ſpeech and ſight of them?
Gif. When firſt thou didſt beſtow this Diamond,
It had a precious luſtre in mine eye:
And was poſſeſt of vertue, when I vow'd
To maintaine that, which was impoſſible:
But ſince that time this ſtone hath had a flaw,
Broken within the ring, his ſolid growne dimme,
The vertue vaniſht, and the luſter loſt.
She graſpeth him in her theare.
Lu. I can no longer brooke theſe baſe rebukes,
Theſe taunting riddles, and thoſe libellings
Gif. Oh helpe I am ſtrangled;
She ſtoppeth his mouth, pulleth out the dagger and offereth to gagge him.
Lu. Peace wretched villaine, then reclue this quickly:
Or by the liuing powers of heauen ile kill thee.
She gaggeth him, and taketh a paper out of her boſome.
Take pen and incke: tis not to make thy will;
For if thou wilt ſubſcribe, I will not kill.
Tis but to cleere thoſe ſcandalls of my fame,
With which thy iealouſie did me defame.
Gifmonde ſubſcribeth.
So now that part is playd, what followes now?
Thou Ribbauld, Cuckeold, Raſcall, Libeller,
Pernicious Lecher voide of all performance;
Periurious Coxcombe, Foole, now for thoſe wrongs
Which no great ſpirit could well tollerate
Come I, with mortall vengeance on thy ſoule,
Take this for ſclandring of his Holineſſe

My bleſſed father and my brother *Ceſar* *She ſtabbeth*
With inceſt: this take for my brother *Candy*:
And this for Noble *Sphorza* whom thou wrongeſt;
And ſince the time is ſhorte I will be ſhorte:
For locking vp of me, calling me whore,
Setting eſpialls tending at my taile;
Take this, and this & this to make amends. *three ſtabs togither.*
And put thee from thy paines;
She vnbindeth him, layeth him on the ground, putteth the dagger in his hand, a paper on his knee, & taking certaine papers out of his pocket putteth in others in their ſteede: & cõueieth away the chaire
Now will my father *Alexander* ſay
That I did take the beſt and ſafeſt way,
And *Ceſar* will approue it with his heart,
That *Lucrece* hath perform'd a cunning parte.
If others aſke who *Giſmonde* kild or why
It was himſelfe repenting iealouſie. *Exit* Lucretia.

Barbaroſſa knocketh at a dore.

Bar. Holla within there?
Why fellowes?
Seruing man. Heere my Lord.
Bar. What is my Lord *Viſelli* ſtirring yet?
My Lord the Pope expects him: and the ambaſſadors
Of *Naples* craue his company. *Enter* Bar. *and Seruingman.*
Ser. My Lord I haue not ſeene him yet this morning.
Bar. Is not your Lady *Lucrece* ſtirring yet?
Ser. No my good Lord I thinke ſhee be not yet come from her chamber, her cuſtome is not to be ſeene ſo ſoone.
Bar. Tis well, tis wel, let her take eaſe in gods name,
But make haſt, call vp my Lord thy maiſter honeſt fellow.
Ser. With patience of your Lordſhip I will ſpeake:
For three daies ſpace I did finde in my Lord
Paſſionate motions, and ſtrange melancholie
T may be his ſolitude hath drawne him forth,
I will firſt looke the garden and the galleries.
Bar. Do my good friend I will expect thee in this parler here?

As Barbaroſſa goes on hee findeth Viſelli *murthered vpon the ground, and ſtarteth.*

Fellow

Fellow come backe, come back, fellow come back:
Your Lord lies murthred here, call vp your Lady;
Call in your fellow ſeruants. *Deh chiamate Croce.*
This dagger graſped in his fatall hand
Reueales ſome violence, wrought on himſelfe:
Could nature ſo much violate her ſelfe?
Was it not wrought by bloudy *Borgias* race?
I doubt in this the diuills hypocriſie,
Iuſtice of Heauens ſtirme and inſcrutable
Reueale it, oh reueale it in thy mercy.

Enter Lucrecia *with* Moticilla.

Luc. Where is my Lord? my deare Lord?

Bar. Tarry Lady.

Approch not neere this ruthfull ſpectacle;
Approch not neere this ſpectacle of bloud,
This ruthfull ſpectacle of bloud and death,
Leaſt ſuddaine horror of theſe bleeding wounds
Wound thy diſtracted ſpirits to pale death.

Luc. What horror or what mortall ſpectacle,
Vpon ſuch ſuddaine hath aſtoniſhed me?
Oh my deere Lord: *Viſelly* ſpeake to me.
Oh moſt diſaſtrous accident and houre;
Ay me moſt wretched and vnfortunate,
My deereſt Lord the treaſure of my life,
The ſweeteſt paradice of my beſt hopes,
Is murthred: ſeeke out the murtherers
Leaue not vnſearcht a corner nor a Cranye
Locke vp the dores there, leaſt that homicide
Eſcape vs in this paſſion———

Bar. Haue patience Lady,
Heauens will reueale the murther, doubt it not,

Luc. Ah Noble *Barbaroſſa* much I feare
Now with theſe eyes I ſee the murtherer,
Staind with the guilt of nature: oh my Lord
You little know that theſe weake womans hands
Twiſe reſcued haue the violence of his
From killing of himſelfe before this time:
Oh fie vpon the diuill, and melancholy;

Which leaue me deſolate a forelorne widdow.

Mot. Madam theſe papers will bewray ſome matter.

Luc. Oh might I finde an other murtherer.

Bar. Theſe do containe ſome matter read them Lady.

Luc. My heart ſwolne vp with ſorrow, lends no light
Vnto mine eyes, nor force vnto my tongue
To ſee one letter, or to reade one word,
I pray you reade it good Lord *Barbaroſſa*.

Barbaroſſa readeth.

I *Giſmond di Viſelli* through deſperate griefe conceiued in ielouſie (which I bare againſt my Lady *Lucrecia*) hauing found out by much triall, and examination her faithfulneſſe and innocency, make this my proteſtation as the laſt piacular oblation to her for thoſe wrongs that with mine own vnfortunate hands I haue ended my life, deſiring her and all others to forgiue me, and pray for me, ſubſcribed with mine owne hand, and ſealed with my ſeale. *Giſmond de Viſelli.*

Il veleno d'amore,
A me trafiſſe il cuore.

Mot. Oh Lord of heauens haue pardon on his ſoule.

Luc. This is his hand and ſeale, ſpeake now my Lord:
Did not I ſoone diſcloſe the murtherer?
Told I not that the murtherer was preſent?
Ah neuer neuer ſhall I liue to ſee. *She ſoundeth.*

Bar. Comfort you ſelfe deere Lady God will ſend ſuccor
Your husband hath paied deerely for theſe wrongs.

Luc. Giue me my Lord againe, death ſhall not haue him,
Come my deere *Giſmond*, come againe my ioye:
Delay me not leaſt I preuent thy loue
I cannot brooke delay's, *Lucrece* ſhall follow.

Lucrece *offereth to ſtab her ſelfe* Barbaroſſa *preuenteth her.*

Bar. Tempt not Gods iuſtice Lady, fall to praier,
Helpe, in there, take your Lord out of her ſight.

Luc. Oh my deare friends that ſee my miſeries,
I you beſeech in deareſt tenderneſſe
Bring in the body of my deareſt Lord;

That

That I before my death may (with theſe eyes)
Behold him honor'd in his obſequies.
Bar. And I wil beare theſe papers to his Holines,
Whoſe ſorrow wil exceed for *Giſmonds* death. *Exeunt.*
Enter Guicchiardin.
Cho. Thus foule ſuſpition, feare and iealouſie
Of ſhame, diſhonor, and his wiues hot luſt,
Hath ſeaz'd vpon *Viſell*; whoſe reuenge,
Was to reſtraine *Lucrece* from Company.
But ſwelling pride, and luſt, both limitles,
Anſwer'd his louing feare and ſhame with death.
Attend the ſequell. Now ſucceſſiuely
(After ſuch warlike preparations,
So many firme hopes found in *Italy*)
King *Charles* with fifteene hundred men at armes,
Three thouſand Archers, with ſix thouſand *Swiſſe*.
French men, and *Gaſcons* twiſe as many more,
With martiall meaſures, ouer *Piemont*
Treads a long march after his drums and fife,
With *Milans* force, and now his trumpets hard,
Vnto the gates of *Rome* giue freſh allarms,
Vnto the Pope, who ſtirreth vp in armes,

ACT. 2. *SCÆ.* 1.

Enter Alexander *with a Lintſtock in his hand; with him* Cæſar Borgia, Caraffa, Bernardo Piccolomini, *the* Caſtilian, Gaſper de ſois M^r. *of the ordinance.*

Alex. *Caſtillian* take fiue hundred harquebuſſe,
Two hundred Arbalaſtes, and fortifie,
Vpon the tower of Saint *Sebaſtian*,
Affronting that port where prowd *Charles* ſhould enter,
Call'd *Santa Maria di Popolo*.
Pic. Our ſouldiers ready be with match in cocke,
T'attend this ſeruice, and our ſcurriers,
Are now return'd hauing diſcryd King *Charles*,
His enſigns and his Cornets proudly mand,

With plumed regiments, and troopes of horſe,
Marching in glory to the gates of *Rome*. *Exit* Piccolo.
Alex. Bravely bring on your companies bold hearts,
Gaſpar de Fois, are thoſe two *Baſiliskes*,
Already mounted on their carriages?
Gaſp. They bee.
Alex. We make you maiſter of our Ordinance, *He deliuereth*
And on the Turret of Saint *Adrian*, *his Linſtock*,
Plant ſix more Cannon, and foure Culuerings,
Foure Lizards, and eight Sacres, with all ſpeed,
Take Gunners with you to the Cittadell,
Powder and ſhot, with Ladles for their charge,
See none be wanting; ſet them to their taske.
Haue a good care your Pyoners worke hard,
To further your fortifications. *Exit* Gaſper.
Caſ. Pleaſeth your Holineſſe to giue me leaue,
It fitteth well with our owne purpoſes,
To giue *Charles* entrance, and without reſtraint,
Leaſt he by rigor ſhould vſurpe that leaue,
Which to reſiſt were vaine and dangerous,
Beleeue me Father we muſt temporize.
Caraff. Beſides you ſee how the *Calabrian* Duke,
Out of the Port of Saint *Sabaſtian*,
Not one houre paſt, hath iſſued and left *Rome*.
Now though you do ſuſpect, conceale all doubts:
For you ſhall finde this ſure and commonly,
Dangers accompany ſuſpition.
Alex. We will embrace that courſe, but with your leaue,
In *Caſtle Angelo* Capitulate:
Standing (as beſt befits vs) on our guarde.

Enter Piccolomini, Gaſper de Fois, *with ſmall ſhot Enſigne, Drummes and Trumpets.*

Piccol. Tis time your Holineſſe tooke to your guard,
For Potent *Charles* (like one that conqueſteth)
Arm'd at all peeces, in his plumed caske,
And with a Launce reſting vpon his thigh,
Already with his forces hath poſſeſt

The ſuberbs, and is now come to the gates.
Ale. We are reſolued: *Gaſper de fois* take heed,
On paine of death no ſouldier be ſo bould
As to diſchardge one peece or arbalaſt,
Before th'alarme being giuen from them,
Wee with a culuering from Caſtle *Angelo*,
Proclame hoſtility: troope on a pace,
Take we what fortune peace or warre affords,
The worſt of reſolution is with ſwords.
Exeunt with drums and trumpets.
Enter with drums and trumpets: King Charles,
Cardinall Saint Peter ad vincula, *and* Aſcanio, Lodwick Sforza: Mompanſier *enſignes, ſouldiers.*
Charles Thus far with much applauſe in ioyfull martch,
With good ſucceſſe and hopefull augurie,
We marched haue within the walls of *Rome*,
Not litle wondering that his Holines,
Doth giue ſuch ſlender welcome to our troups.
Lod. Your maieſty may well perceaue how feare,
And iealeous iudgement of a wounded conſcience,
Workes hard in *Alexander*.
Aſc. And how foxe-like.
(Houlding newtrality the ſureſt gard)
He coopes himſelfe in Caſtle *Angelo*.
Mon. Pleaſeth your maiſtie to giue a ſummons,
Vnto the Caſtle for ſome parliance,
Vpon ſuch articles as were ſet downe,
Char. Come we wil touch him, ſummon forth a parle.
ſound drum anſwer a trumpet.
Enter Piccolomini *vpon the walls.*
What office beare you marching on thoſe walls,
We made no ſummons to confer with you.
Pic. Moſt Chriſtian prince pleaſeth your mightines,
I am Caſtillian of Saint *Angelo*, Vnder his Holines.
Char. To bid defiance to our forces?
Pic. Noe moſt gracious Lord.
But to ſalute you from his Holines.

Mon-

Mon. What is he ſicke?
Pic. Not very well diſpoſ'd,
S. Pe. *ad vin.* Nor euer was, nor will be well diſpoſ'd.
Cha. An other ſummons for his Holines, *Exit Piccol.*
Sound drums, anſwere trumpet.
Alexander *vpon the walls in his pontificalls betwixt* Cæſar Borgia *and* Caraffa *Cardinalls, before him the Duke of* Candie *bearing a ſword after them* Piccolomini Gaſperdeſois.
Alex. Moſt Chriſtian *Charles*, here I ſalute your grace,
Bidding you peaceably welcome to *Rome*,
If you bring peace along with you to *Rome*.
Char. In filiall Loue I thanke your Holines,
We litle thought it our moſt holy father,
That our alegeance to the Church of *Rome*,
Which we with all our predeceſſors tendred,
Should haue enforc'd you to take ſanctuary.
Alex. Sonne *Charles* know then we tooke not to this place,
In feare as to ſome refuge or aſyle:
But for aſmuch as news were brought in poſt,
That you with all your forces did approch,
Arm'd and in hoſtile manner to this Citty,
The Conclaue thought it fit tendring the ſafty,
Of holy Church, and ſacred priuiledge,
To know your meaning firſt, and then with pomp,
To make your welcome in Saint *Peters* pallace,
In the beſt faſhion with due ceremonies.
Char Know then moſt holy father what we would,
Hauing in tedious marcht from *France* thus far,
Paſt with our forces God ſtil guiding vs,
(As we be deepely bound by lawes of nature,
And reaſon to worke ſurely for our right)
We left noe buſie doubts, nor obſtacles,
Which might preuent vs in our iuſt impreaſe,
Hence was it that we did Capitulate,
So ſtrictly with the crafty *Florentines*,
Whome we well knew fauour'd *Alphonſoes* part.
And this made *Ve ice* ioyne in league with vs.
Yet hauing notice that your Holines,

Both with *Alphonſo* (that vſurpes my Crowne)
And his ſonne *Ferdinand* drue deeper in
Vpon conſiderations of more weight;
We thought it good to take *France* in our way.
Lod. And there to craue ſome certaine Cautions
Of your indifferency to his iuſt title
Had in the Crowne of *Naples*: therefore firſt
We do require(if you theſe parties tender,
(As your late letters did importe) yeeld vp
In Caution of your good intent to *France*;
This Caſtle which you now retaine againſt vs.
Can. Why *Lodowick*? the wethercocke is turnd,
The winde ſtands faire, but how long will that hold?
So may we put in hazard our whole Church
The deere eſtate of Chriſtes flock militant
And bring confuſion vnto Chriſtendome.
Alex. So may you ſeaze vpon the Churches rights,
If that we ſhould referre all to your truſt.
Can This is Saint *Peters* bul-warke; for my parte
Here I will die ere I ſurrender it.
Cha. Now find I true which cómon bruite proclaimeth
Of your bad meanings and hypochriſie:
But I referre your conſcience to that Iudge
Whom(if my conſcience harber any thought
To wrong the Church of God, in any thing)
I call in iuſtice to reuenge on me.
Ca. Renowned *Charles*, ſuppoſe we ſhould ſurrender:
How may we be ſecured that you will
Reſtore it after your impreaſe at *Naples*.
Char. The faith and honour of a Chriſtian King.
Ale. Your faith & honor? ſtay moſt Chriſtian *Charles*
Men will not yeeld vp Caſtels vpon wordes
Vnles their ſtates, and liues grow deſperate.
Mount. Why make we longer parlee with this Pope
Whoſe falſe-hood is ſo much that neither oth,
Nor honeſty can purchaſe place with him.
Lodo. Who neuer yet in cauſe of conſequence
Hath kept his promiſe.

Char. Tell vs, will yee graunt?
Alex. What ſhould we graunt moſt Chriſtian King of *France*
And tell me truly (were it your owne caſe)
Whether you would (on ſuch ſlight promiſes)
Accord to ſuch vneuen conditions?
Char. We did not thinke our royall promiſes
Had beene ſo ſlightly cenſur'd in your heart:
But ſince we finde your infidelities
We muſt requite it with extremity,
Couzen *Mountpanſeir.*
Mount. My Lord.
Char. Forthwith cauſe ten braſſe peeces with their ſhot
And powder to be drawne out of Saint *Markes*,
Such as you finde moſt fit for battery.
You will not here vs now, we ſpeake ſo low:
Standing aloft you proudly ſcorne inferiors;
We'le ſend our mindes, written in fiery notes.
Caraf. Giue doubtfull anſwers, bee not peremptory
Leaſt through your heate, his rage exſaperate.
Caſ. Offer vnto him on his Princely word,
The ſtrength of *Terracina* for a pledge.
Alex. Victorious *Charles*, ſuch is my truſt and loue
That neither feare of force nor violence
Could any wayes induce me to ſuſpect you,
Hence came it that the portes of *Rome* were opened
(At our beheſts) to giue you gueſtning.
Accept vs therefore with our promiſes,
Which we ſhall vnder hand and ſeale confirme
Not any way to Croſſe your action.
Char. If you will yeeld vp Caſtell *Angelo*
Reſolue vs preſently without delaies?
Caſ. Becauſe it is Saint *Peeters* Cittadell
The conclaue is in doubt to make ſurrender.
Char. You will not yeeld then?
Can. We cannot, nor wee will not yeeld it vp.
Char. Why then a parle with our ordinance.

Sound drummes and trumpets: Alexander *with his companie of the walles. ordinance goeing of (after a little skirmish within) hee ſummons from the Caſtell with a trumpet; anſwers to it below; Enter* Alexander *vpon the walls as before.*

Alex. What come yee to make pillage of the Church,
Which held you deere as her chiefe Champion?
For beare your violence in the name of God:
Feating the ſcourge, and thunder from aboue,
Our offers are both iuſt and reaſonable.
Caſ. Peeces which are of more validity
We meane to tender to your Maiedty.
Char. What are thoſe peeces you would tender vs.
Alex. To render preſently the Cittadells
Of *Terracina*, *Cinita Vecchia*, and *Spoleto*.
Char. And we receiue them very thankfully.
S. Padvin. Our voices of the cõclaue paſſe, that *Charles*
Shalbe poſſeſt of Caſtell *Angelo*.
Af. And if your meaning with your words accord
We dare ingage our ſoules for reſurrender.
Ale. Your ſoules? foh foh they ſtinck in ſight of God & man,
Your ſoules? why they be ſould to *Lucifer*,
Your conſciences are of ſo large a laſt
That you would ſell Saint *Peters* Patrimony,
As *Eſau* did his heritage for broath.
Pee. ad Vi. Thou moſt prophaine & impious Moabite;
So full of vices and abominable,
No Pope but *Lucifer* in *Peters* Chaire.
Af. Renowned *Charles* pull downe this Antichriſt;
Aduance ſome worthy father in his place,
Your fame ſhall liue with all poſterities
Who from a wicked Biſhops tiranny
Infranchiſed the Church of God miſguided;
Euen as (in this worlds worthy memories)
The names of *Pepin* and King *Charlemaine*
Your predeceſſors, were eternized
For helping good Popes, Saints of Holy life,
Out of vngodly perſecutions.

Lode

Lodo. A Pope by nature full of fraud, and pride;
Ambitious, auaritious, ſhameles, diuiliſh,
And that and which, your experience teſtifies)
One that with mortall malice hates the *French*:
By whome this reconcilation made
Was more in feare, and hard neceſſity
Then faithfull inclination, or good will,
Alex. Iſcariot, reprobate apoſtata,
I charge thee to deſiſt and make ſubmiſſion
VVith pennance to the Mother Church of *Rome*
On paine of euerlaſting reprobation.
Aſca. Blaſphemous exorciſt, heere are no diuills
VVhich thou canſt coniure, with thy diuliſh ſpirit,
We charge thee render vp that triple Crowne
Which moſt vngodly man thou doſt vſurp,
Thoſe robes pontificall which thou prophaneſt,
Saint *Peters* Chaire wherein like Antichriſt)
Thou doeſt aduance thy ſelfe thou man of ſinne,
Sa. P. ad Vi Saint Peeter doth make challenge to thoſe keyes,
Which (in thoſe hands defil'd with bloud and bribes)
Thou like a prophane deputy doſt hold,
Aſcan. That ſword (with which thou ſholdſt ſtrike Antichriſt)
Thou like proud Antichriſt conuerted haſt
Vpon the members of Chriſtes choſen flocke;
Saint *Paule* demaundes his ſword, *Peter* his keyes:
Alex. Forbeare your blaſphemies, what know yee not
Chriſtes Vicar generall choſen on earth?
Haue not I power to binde and looſe mens ſinnes,
And ſoules, on earth, in hell, and purgatory?
Come take Saint *Peters* Chaire proud heretiks;
Here take this triple Crowne, oh you would take it:
But he that made it, did not for you make it.
Aſcanio thou wouldſt haue theſe Golden keies;
Here take them with my vengeance on thy head, *He throwes*
And *Pſeudo Paulus* would haue Saint *Paules* ſword, *his keies.*
Ordained for his decollation.
Sonne *Charles* (ſince we capitulato with you)
Me thinkes you ſhould not ſuffer theſe affront vs.

Char.

Char. Forbeare your idle vellctations,
Angring and rubbing vp the feſtred ſcarres
Of wrath inueterate, and mortall quarrels,
We come not here to foſter factions,
All are in one accorded, all are friends.
But yet moſt Holy-Father, let me craue,
Two fauours more, both very reaſonable;
Firſt that you pardon both theſe Cardinalls,
And other Barons which pertake with me.
Then that the brother of great *Baiſet*,
That fled from *Rhodes* to *France*, and laſt to *Rome*,
With the protection of Pope *Innocent*
Call'd *Gemen Ottoman*, may be deliuer'd
Into my hands, when after-time ſhall ſerue
For my beſt vantage in thoſe holy warres,
Which we pretend againſt the Turkes here-after.
Alex. The ſunne ſhall neuer ſet vpon my wrath,
That Oylie Lampe of bleſſed Charitie
Shall not extinguiſh in my zealous heart:
He that knowes all, knowes this I cannot falter
With any brother, all are faithfull friends:
Be but ſubmiſſiue, milde, and penitent,
And all is paſt, as all had beene well ment.
Now touching *Gemen Ottoman*, ſonne *Charles*,
When you ſhall vndertake thoſe godly warres,
I will deliuer him as willingly
As you demaund: and with a cheerefull heart,
Praiſing your godly zeale on Chriſts behalfe,
And praying for your good ſucceſſe in warre.
Char. I thanke your Holyneſſe.
Lodw. Theſe quarrels are as happily determined
As we could wiſh: call for an Actuarie,
And let a Charter *Bipartite* be drawne
Betwixt you: to confirme this amity.
And now moſt bleſſed Father I beſeech,
That I may ſhew the duty which belongs
Vnto this place, and ſee Apoſtolick.
Alex. We will regreete your preſence preſently.

Drinke

Drums and Trumpets: Charles *and his company make a garde,* Gaſper de Foix, Piccolomini, Cæſar, Caraffa, Cardinals, *a Frier with a holy water-pot caſting water; the Duke of* Candie *with a ſword,* Aſtor Manfredy *ſupporting* Alexanders *traine, all bow as the* Pope *marcheth ſolemnly through, who croſſeth them with his fingers.* Alexander *being ſet in ſtate,* Cæſar Borgia, *and* Caraffa *aduance to fetch King* Charles, *who being preſented vnto the* Pope, *kiſſeth his foote, & then aduancing two degrees higher, kiſſeth his checke: then* Charles *bringeth* S. Peter ad Vincula, *and* Aſcanio, *which with all reuerence kiſſe his feete, one of them humbly deliuering vp his Croſſe-keyes, which hee receiueth, bleſſing them and the reſt of* Charles *his company: The Drum and Fife ſtill ſounding.*

Alex. Sonne *Charles*, your welcome is as acceptable,
As euer was Kings preſence into *Rome*:
To morrow we will with the power of heauen,
Together celebrate a ſolemne Maſſe:
After the Senior, Biſhop Cardinall,
You muſt take place: and as our cuſtome is,
Shall giue vs water when we celebrate:
This done we will beſtow ſome time in pleaſures.

A garde for the Cardinals, French *King, Frier and Pope: Enter with a ſolemne flouriſh of Trumpets, after whom the garde troopeth, with Drums and Fife.*

Enter Guicchiardine.

Heere leaue we *Charles* with pompous ceremonies,
Feaſting within the Vaticane at *Rome*:
From thence to *Naples*, where the peoples hatred
Conceiu'd againſt the former Kings, made way
For him, without reſiſtance to the crowne.
This done, he marcheth back againe for *France*,
And *Ferdinand* doth repoſſeſſe his ſtate.
Meane while King *Charles* ſick of an Apoplexie,
Dyes at *Amboiſe*: the Duke of *Orleance*,
Lewis the twelfth conioyntly knitting force,

Doth march in armes with *Ferdinand* of *Spaine*,
Theſe regaine *Naples* and deuide that realme,
But this breedes mortall warre betwixt them both,
The wily Pope diſſembles at all hands,
The ſequell onely concernes him and *Cæſar*. *Exit.*

ACTVS. 3. *SCÆ.* 1.

Enter Aſtor, Manfredi *with* Phillippo.

Aſt. Brother *Phillippo*, what auaileth it,
When our ſtate loſt the *Fauintines* compounded,
That I ſhould hold both life and liberty,
Withall reuenues of my proper ſtate,
When as my life within the Court of *Rome*,
Is much more loathſome to my ſoule then death,
And liberty more griefe then ſeruitude.
Phil. I rather chooſe within the riuer *Tiber*
To drowne my ſelfe, or from *Tarpayan* hill,
My vexed body to precipitate,
Then to ſubiect my body to the ſhame
Of ſuch vild bruiſh and vnkindely luſt.
Aſt. He that with fire and Brimſtone did conſume
Sodome and other Cities round about.
Deliuer vs from this ſoule-ſlaiding ſinne,
To which our bodies are made proſtitute,
Enter Barnardo.
Bar. Deare ſalutations from my Lord the Pope,
I recommend vnto your excellence,
With ſemblable remembrance of his loue,
To you my Lord *Phillippo*,
Aſt. Good *Barnardo*,
My dutie bound vnto his Holyneſſe,
Returne in paiment from his Captiue ſeruant.
Bar. Ingenious Prince, I bring a friendly meſſage
Of tender kindneſſe, which I muſt impart:
They draw them-ſelues aſide.
This Ruby from our Holy-fathers finger,
(In priuate token of his faithfull loue)
He bid mee ſecretly deliuer you:

And there-withall, debreth of your loue,
To haue with him ſome priuate conference.
Aſt. I was now going to our Ladies maſſe,
In Saint *Iohn Laterans*; where my ghoſtly father
Attendeth me for my confeſſion.
But thanke his Holyneſſe on my behalfe,
In all due reuerence and humilitie.
Tell him I meane-- ſo ſoone as I returne, *pauſe.*
To come according to my bounden duty. *Exit Bar.*
My caſe is deſperate, what ſhall I doe?
Phillippo, was there euer any man
Hunted with ſuch vnſatisfied rage?
Phil. What hath he ſent againe to viſit you?
Aſtor. To viſit me, nay to diſhonor me,
Behold this Ruby ſent from his owne finger,
Which as a Bawde inuiteth me to ſhame.

SCENA. 2.

Alexander *out of a Caſement.*

Alex. *Aſtor*? what *Aſtor*? my delight my ioy,
My ſtarre, my triumph, my ſweete phantaſie,
My more then ſonne, my loue, my Concubine,
Let me behold thoſe bright Stars my ioyes treaſure,
Thoſe glorious well attempred tender cheekes;
That ſpecious for-head like a lane of Lillies:
That ſeemely Noſe loues chariot triumphant,
Breathing *Paruhaian* Odors to my ſences,
That gratious mouth, betwixt whoſe crimoſin pillon
Venus and *Cupid* ſleeping kiſſe together.
That chin, the ball vow'd to the Queene of beauty,
Now budding ready to bring forth loue bloſſoms,
Aſtor [*Manfredi*] turne thee to my loue,
Come hither *Aſtor* we muſt talke aboue.
Aſtor Betraid? a ſlaue to ſinne? what ſhall I ſay?
Moſt Holy father.
Alex. Doe not mee forget:
I am thy brother, and thy deereſt friend,
And though in age I loue, know that deſire

In riper yeares is pure and permanent,
Grounded on iudgement, flowing from pure loue:
Whereas the loue lightning from youthfull deſire,
Fickle and feeble will not long hold fire,
It is ſo violent it will not laſt.
They'r bleſt whoſe louers loue when youth is paſt.
Aſtor. To call you friend were too familiar,
To call you brother ſorts not with our yeares:
To call you Father doth import ſome feare,
Due to that age your Holineſſe doth beare.
Alex. Tell me not of mine age and Holineſſe,
Thy ſight ſufficeth me to make me young:
Neither vpbraide me with my ſanctimonie,
Loue is the pureſt eſſence from aboue,
And to thy ſoule I would affix my loue.
Come hither then and reſt with mee to night,
Giue me fruition of thoſe amorous pits,
Where blinded *Cupid* cloſe in ambuſh ſits:
Who with his Arrow (when thou laught at *Venus*)
Shot through thy ſmiling cheekes, and did inchaine vs.
Thy Chamber with *Ambroſiall* odors breatheth,
New loues and true loues vnto them that entreateth,
And furious *Mars* made milde his Faulcheon ſheatheth
At thy delicious aſpect: ſee thy Chamber:
The walles are made of Roſes, roofe of Lillies,
Be not aſham'd to mount and venture it,
Here *Cupids* Alter, and faire *Venus* hill is.
Thy bed is made with ſpice and *Calamus*,
With Sinamond and Spicnard, Arabick,
With Opobalſam and rich gums of *Ægipt*,
Muſick *Angelicall* of ſtrings and voyces,
With ſundry birds in ſugred ſimphony,
Where whiſtling Wood-nimphes, and the pleaſant choiſe is
Of Antique action mixt with harmony,
Attend thy ioyous entrance to this Chamber.
Phil. Is it poſſible that the Diuil can be ſo ſweet a diſſembler?
Aſt Yes and play the pleaſant part of a conceited *Amoret*,
For he can take the ſhape of a bright Angell.

Alex. Now

Alex. Now my ſweet friend the ioyes of loue doth mutter
Thy mind too baſhfull is, ſpeake tounge loues vtter,
Thy Corrall gums cud loues pure quintiſence,
And thou thy ſelfe faire boy ioues pureſt eſſence.
Aſt. Oh bleſſed heauens let Sathan tempt no longer,
His force is powerfull yet thy ſtrenght much ſtronger,
He that with guilefull baites gilded vntruth,
So ſeekes to blaſt the bloſſome of my youth.
Alex. Delicious fruites diuine Confections,
Of hearbes, roots, flowers of ſundrie faſhions.
Preſeruatiues drawne from the rich *Elixar*,
Of fineſt gould pure pearle and precions ſtones,
Prouided for thy diuine apetite,
Wines of more price (made by th'induſtrious art,
Inſacred diſtillations) then that *Nectar*,
Which *Hebe* bare, when *Ione* did moſt affect her.
Phi Sathan falſe god of lies, and flatterie;
How palpable is this groſſe villaine?
Alex. What wilt thou come *Manfredi* to my Chamber,
And bleſſe me with thy precious breath of Amber.
Aſto. After our ladies Maſſe I will returne.
Deare God what furies in his ſoule doe burne?
After the Celebration of the Maſſe,
I come my Lord. *Exeunt* Aſtor *and* Phillippo.
Alex. Come then, and let that paſſe, Alexander *tinkith a bell.*
Holla *Barnardo?*
All buſines for this night I will adiourne,
Giue good attendance that at his returne,
Aſtor may come to me for my ſicke heart,
Tili *Aſtor* with his beauty full embrace,
Doe bleſſe my body wounded with his dart,
Can find no reſt, loue hath it in hot chaſe.

ACT. 3. SCÆ. 2.

Enter Cæſar Borgia *the Cardinall, and* Freſcobaldy *a ruffaine.*

Caſ. Wilt thou performe it faithfully?
Fre. What I? will I liue to eate, to drinke, to ſleepe?
Caſ. Wilt thou performe it valiantly?

Fre.

Fref. Will I eate to drinke, will I drinke to ſleepe, will I ſleepe to liue?

Caſ. Will he be ſecret, and conceale my plot?

Fref. My name is *Frefcobalde*, as for my pedigree,
My mother was of conſanguinitie with the Princeſſe
Of *Perugia*, my father of the noble family of the *Oddi*,
Florentines both: I my ſelfe
Brought vp a Page vnder *Rayner* King of *Sicily*,
Haue ſerv'd againſt the *Turkes* and *Sarazinites*,
Where at *Vienna* (with my ſingle Pike,
Arm'd in a Maly *Briggandine* of *Naples*,
And with an old Fox which I kept in ſtore,
A monument of *Mars* when I depart)
I did vnhorſe there three *Turkie* Ianizaries,
Then (in the warres of *Ferdinand* the King)
This Hippe was ſhott through with a Crocadile,
But that it were too tedious I could ſhew you:
Vnder the King of *Romaines* I was cut,
Iuſt from this ſhoulder to the very pappe:
And yet by fortunes of the warre am heere,
I thanke God, and my Surgion all ſix trillill,
I fought at *Malta* when the towne was girt
With Sargeants heads, and bul-beggers of *Turkie*:
And by my plot (immuge below the rampier)
We gaue th obgoblings leaue to ſcale our walls,
And being mounted all vpon that place:
I with my Lint-ſtock gaue fire to the traine,
And ſent them capring vp to *Capricornus*.
Which when the wiſe Aſtronomers of *Greece*,
Prodigiouſly diſcouered from a farre,
They thought thoſe *Turcaes* fiery meteors.
Which with their Pikes were paſhing in the clowds,
The learned Booke-men write ſtrange Almanacks,
Of ſignes, and apparitions in the ayre:
And by theſe honors (if I proue a blabbe)
Then call mee villaine, varlet, coward, skabbe.

Caſ. Then tell mee *Frefcobaldi*
Where I may ſend to thee when time ſhall ſerue.

Fref. Faith

Freſc. Faith for the moſt parte my manſion is in *Ciuidauerch^a nella ſtrada de ſan lorenza*, nere the conduct at a good olde Ladies houſe, *ladona ſempronia* at ſigne of the gliſter pipe, where if you chance to faile of mee. Within three houſes more at ſigne of the frying-panne you may commande mee, at all houres in the fore-noone.

Caſ. Well gramercie *Freſcobaldi* I wil take the note of thoſe houſes in my tables.
But be ſure and ready when opertunitie calles vpon you.

Freſ o. May it pleaſe your moſt reuerend grace (without offence to your Lordſhip) to deliuer me the pretties name vpon whome I ſhould performe this Tragedy. For I may parcaſe catch him in a gilder my ſelfe before you are aware: and moylie muſle vp his maiſterſhip, with the *garotta*, or *ſtiletto* perchance the ponyard or piſtol, ſuch as I warrent you ſhal ſerue his turne.

Caſ. Be it ſufficient thou ſhalt know hereafter,
My buſineſſe and affaires are very great:
One word more, and adue.

He rounds with Freſcobaldi.

Fre. Secret as mid-night, ſure as the ſunne, quick as the waters

Caſ. Why? to ſayd braue *Freſcobaldi* like a man of ſome reſolution farewell remember the watchward--do not faile.

Freſco. My buſineſſe and affaires are very great my gratious Lord, one word more with your grace my good Lord, and ſo I kiſſe your foote. *He whiſpereth with Caſar.*

Caſ. It was not ingratitud, neither forgetfulneſſe in me *Freſcobaldi*: Here take this and remember me.

He deliuereth him a purſe.

Freſ. I encounter your munificence with my loue, and your loue with my ſeruice, my loue and ſeruice with your mony.
Padrone mio molto honorato,
More for your loue then your mony,
And yet your grace wel knowes, clothes muſt be wrought, weapons muſt be bought; and Taueras muſt be fought, and all braue exploits muſt be done, as they ſhould be done bravely.

Caſ. But that I keepe my ſecret to my ſelfe;
I would not vſe this ſlaue for any gold:
Yet when I truſt him he ſhall not deceiue me. *Exeunt* Caſar.
Freſco.

Freſc. Now ſkelder yee ſcounderels, ſkelder you maggot-mũgers, you pompiõs, you wood-wormes, you magatapipicoes, I am for you, now *Freſcobaldi*, call thy wits togither, let me now ſee what a clock it is: very neere eight, and almoſt breakfaſt time at a cleauen, this very night muſt I ſtand *Perdue* for this bloudy ſeruice, I know my place and houre: I muſt confeſſe and perchance be hang'd, I haue in the *Burdelliaes* and in other ſuch houſes of naturall recreation and agility, receiued three or foure ſcore broken pates in my time: and ſome baſtinadoes for croſſing courting ſpicy-ſpirited inamoratoes in their humors. Beſides I was the firſt that from the *Swiſſe* quarter, in the raigne of king *Ferdinand* brought vp in his army the faſhions of bowſing and to ſwing *Greeke* and *Spaniſh* wines by the flagon, with that old ſtinckard *Henrico Bagloni*, ſometime *Alforces* to *Capitaneo Piccolomini* & my ſelfe; I remember likewiſe at *Terracina* I broake a glaſſe (containing ſome quart of Roboll'a) vpon the face of *Capitaneo Franceſco Boccanſacchi* a very ſufficient ſouldier in that ſeruice, and to my knowledge a tall trencherman: howbeit from the teeth down-ward as baſe a mettled coward as euer was coyn'd out of the ſooty ſide of a copper kettle; ſo he was: well I will ſecond my Lord in any ſlaughter for his wages, and if any man will giue me better hiers (when I haue ſeru'd the Cardinalls turne) I will preſent my piſtoll vpon his ſacred perſon afterward for charities ſake: well, now to the drinking ſchoole, then to the fence ſchoole, and laſtly to the vaulting ſchoole, to my Lady *Sempronia*. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Candie and Barbaroſſa.

Can. This was an act of ſuch ſtrange conſequence,
As neuer yet was heard, a man found dead
Within a priuate chamber of his houſe;
When all his ſeruants ſtird: not one of them
That could giue euidence of what befell
But that he kill'd himſelfe. *Caſa impoſſibile.*

Bar. I was the firſt that found him in his bloud;
Then warme from ſlaughter: ſuch a ruthfull ſight
As yet I tremble to remember it.

Can. It is impoſſible (after a ſearch)
No ſtranger found within *Viſellies* doers,

But

But that ſome ſeruant of his family
Should haue ſure notice how the murther was.
Bar. It was his owne hand ſure.
Can. I cannot thinke it.
The gentleman was honeſt, full of ſport,
And well affected.
Bar. Pardon me my Lord,
My Ladie *Lucrece* told it in great griefe
She twiſe before had reſcued his life.
Can. Go too, go too.
Bar. Beſides my Noble Lord.
Papers both writ, and ſealed with his hand
Were found about him teſtifying this.
Can. Good *Barbaroſſa* pray my ſiſter *Lucrece*,
Here to encounter me with her good company:
Som-what I would in priuate talke with her.
Bar. My Lord I will. *Exit* Barb.
Can. High God be mercifull.
Thou that doeſt know the ſecrets of al hearts,
If *Lucrece* (as my father doth ſuſpect)
Was priuie to this murther of my life
Enter Lucrece Barb. *with her.*
I can learne all ſhe knowes.
But yet I will not either ſuſpect, or vrge her were it true
Being indeede a violation of brother-hood & common humanity
She maketh towards me—ſiſter how faires it with you?
Luc. As with a dead Corſe in a Sepulcher
Cold, liueleſſe, comfortleſſe, oppreſt with ſorrow.
Nor ſince my ioy did leaue me deſolate
Euer could I brooke well this open ayre
But ſtill lamenting and diſconſolate
Kept vp in Chamber, mourning for my Lord.
Can. What order tooke you for his funnerall?
Luc. He that aliue was ſhrined in my breſt,
Now dead liues yet intombed in my thoughts,
There is a modell of it in my cloſet.
Can. Performe it decently with dilligence,
Lu. Brother me thinkes the ayre is cold and raw,

And as you pleaſe let vs conferre within.
Can. Gladly deere ſiſter with what haſt you may,
And I deſire you noble *Barbaroſſa*
To meete vs at my Chamber after ſupper.
My brother *Ceſar* hath appoynted with me
Some buſineſſe, and I craue your company.
Bar. Thankes my good Lord: but matters of much moment,
I haue at that time with my Lord *Caraffa*;
And I muſt ſpeake this night with my Lord *Ceſar*.
Can. Tell him I will attend by nine of clocke.
Bar. I will my good Lord. *Cand.* Farewell *Barbaroſſa*.
Bar. Ioy to you both. *Exit* Barbaroſſa.
Can. My trembling liuer throbs, my cold hearts heauy;
My mind diſturbed and I know not why
But all as he will, heauens aboue for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Freſcobaldi *ſolus.*

Freſ. This is the black night, this the fatall hand:
Theſe are the bloudy weapons which muſt be
Witneſſe and actors of this Tragedy.
Now *Freſcobaldi* play thy maſters prize:
Here is a rich purſe cram'd with red crulladoes
Which doth inſpire me with a martiall ſpirit,
Now could I combate with the diuill to night.
Firſt did I waſh my liuer, lungs, and heart,
In *Cretane* wines and head ſtrong Maluefie
(Such as would make a coward fight with *Mars*)
Then leaſt I ſhould with any weapons drawne
Be driuen to danger of mine enemy;
I practiſed my martiall feicts of fence:
As for example if with armes vnſheath'd,
I were to kill this conduct here I come. *he feeceth.*
He makes a thruſt, I with a ſwift paſſado,
Make quick auoydance, and with this ſtoccado
(Although he fence with all his fineſt force)
Bar'd of his body thruſt him in the throate.
Guardateui bene, ſignori honoreuoli.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe this conduict or my duelliſt,
Should falſifie the ſoine vpon me thus,
Here will I take him, turning downe this hand.

Enter Henrico Baglioni *looking earneſtly vpon* Freſcobaldi.

Il punto verſo indrizzato, thus.
Admit he force me with his ambroccado
Here I deceiue then, with this paſſado
And come vppon him in the ſpeeding place.

Bag. what *Mandragon* or ſaluage *Aſcapart*,
what *Pantaconger* or *Pantagruell*
Art thou that fighteſt with thy fathers ſoule
Or with ſome ſubtill apparitions,
Which no man can behould with mortall eyes
Or art thou raviſhed with bedlamy
Fighting with figments and vaine fantazies
Chimeraes or blacke ſpirrits of the night.

Freſc: Come not within 9. furlongs of this place.
My name is *Ruboſongal* the grimme ghoſt
Of *Bembocamber* king of *Calicute*.
And here for this night I keepe centrenell
For *Muſcopateron* great king of flyes;
Great grandſier of ten thouſand hecatombes.

Bag: I Coniure thee fowle fiende of *Acheron*
By puiſſant *Hoblecock* and *Briſtletoe*,
By *Windicaper Monti-bogglibo*,
Polipotmos and the dreadfull names
of *Mulli-ſacke* and *Hermocotterock*,
By *Petronidemi*, by the dogged ſpirrits
Of *Bacchus* which Canary land inherrits,
By purple *Aligant* the bloudy gyant,
And leaden headed hollock pure and pliant,
By *Barrha Martia* and by *Sydrack* ſweete
Who did with mathew *Glynne* in combat meete,
And by this awfull croſſe vppon my blade
Of which blacke curres and hedghogges are affraid,
And by this fox which ſtinkes of *Pagan* bloud,
Do'ſt thou walke there for miſchiefe or for good.

Fref. Braue man whoſe ſpirit is approued well,
(As moſt aprooued panders truly tell)
Vnder greene hedges, vnder Coblers ſtalles,
In portall, porches, vnder batterd walles,
Which day; by night keepes watch-full centinell
To guaze the pleaſures of faire *Claribell*
Profane arch patriark of *Pancridge* ſteeple,
The bauldy beaken of vngodly people.
With other matter which I might alleadge
To the Grand Captaine of *Colbman-hedge*,
Marching fowle *Amazonian* trulls in troupes
Whoſe lanthornes are ſtill lighted in their Poupes.
Some without kerchiefes, others with torne ſmockes;
Certaine imboch'd with piles, and ſome with poxes.
Others with rotten ſhoocs and ſtockings rente
With carrine in each ditch keepe parliament.
In petticotes all patch'd and waſt-coate torne,
And wanding with ſome ragge bleſſe euery thorne.
Which with their Targets neuer make retire,
From any breach till they their foomen fire.
Rebating the ſtiffe pointes of their keene blades
Till a'l their champions maſculine proue lades.
To thee ſaith *Frefcobaldi* caſe thy ſteele
Leaſt thou the rigor of my furie feele.

Bag. And yet I loue thee for thy martiall grace,
Thine in all ſeruice: ſhake hands and embrace.

Fref. A pox vpon thy coward filles foule knaue,
And yet I loue thee roague: aſke roague and haue.

Embrace fantaſtically.

Bagb. Come and embrace: tis blith when malt-emen meete,
And drinke till they haue loſt both head and feete.
And driueling ſleepe on euery ſtall and bench
With euery man a knee in his hand and in his Can a prettie (wench
But *Frefcobaldi* my braue *Bodigonero*,
Varlet of velues, my moccado villaine,
Old heart of durance, my ſtript canuaſe ſhoulders,
And my Perpetuana pander tell me;
Tell me what humors Cataplaſmatick,

Excited

Excited haue thy *Bacchick* fantaſies:
To draw that triumphant ſwerlidildido,
Vpon ſome ſpirit of the Buttery,
Friſ. This was no barmie ſpirit of the bottle,
It was a bloudy ſpirit of the battell:
And if I lye, call me thy Wimble-cock.
Bag. A mouldy ieſt, well I will anſwere thee:
I coniure thee by *Negra Luciaes* name,
By *Dol Pattents*, by the ſubtill ſhape,
Of *Nanna Balikef*, by the cunning fleights
Of *Vini Clerilicks* with his faire ſprights:
By *Mega Court*, with *Marga Marſchalus*,
That in *Turnuliball* doth keepe an Ale-houſe:
By *Nan Riuehomo* that hote Plegmatiſt,
Now bedded with th'*Italian* Vitrailliſt,
Which in the fierie *Phlegitonian* flames,
Did worke ſtrange vitriall dildidoes for Dames,
Her ſpirits haue no power to touch this ſtrand,
Till they tranſported from *Lambechia* land,
By *Charon* Ferriman of Black *Auerne*,
Fall Anchor at the *Stilliard* Tauerne,
And by *Tartarean Plutoes Heben* bowle,
Why didſt thou combate with thy Fathers ſoule?
Freſ. Learned Magitian, skild in hidden Artes,
As well in prior as poſterior parts,
I ſee thou kenniſt the ſecrets of all ſorts,
Of ſharpe ſtringues and ſalacious ſports:
Venerall Buboes, Tubers Vlcerous,
Aud *Ianes Deſtificanckers* venemous.
Doubtleſſe *Don Vigo* then his vigor pour'd
Into thy braines, when he thy bottle ſcour'd.
Noble *Henrilico* queſtion no further,
My meditations are of bloud and murther,
I ieaſted haue too long, pree-thee be gone,
Henrico Baglioni (by this ſword)
I am to morrow to performe a duell,
And practiſing in this nights melancholie,
How to diſpatch it with a braue ſtoccadoe.

Heere I did make a proofe, prithie good-night,
Trouble me now no more: early to morrow,
Ile march vnto the ſigne oth frying-panne,
And take thee timely with thy pointes vntruſt,
To drinke a flaggon of grecke wine with thee.
Bag. Goodnight my noble *Rillibilbibo*,
Thou ſhalt be welcome in the darkeſt midnight. *Exit Bagli.*
Fri. Now to my watchword it is quight forgot, oh
Col nunolo la Pioggia: thinke vpon it
The clocke ſtrikes eleuen.
This is mine hower appoynted, this the place,
Here will I ſtand cloſe till tha'llarum call,
he ſtands behind the poſt.

Enter a Page with a torche, Duke of Candie *and* Cæſar Borgia *diſguiſed.*

Can. What iſt a clocke boy now?
Pag. My gratious Lord,
By *Siſtoes horologe* tis ſtrooke eleuen.
Ceſa. A fit hower for our purpoſe noble brother,
Can. But hath *La Bella formiana* notice,
Of our aproch to night.
Ceſ. Oh doubt it not, villaine put out that torch, *The boy*
Being diſguiſ'd we will not be diſcryed, *putteth out*
Depart you to my lodging preſently, *the torch.*
Paine of thy life not one word that thou ſaw vs. *Exit page.*
Can. Tis very darke, good brother goe before,
You know the ſtreets beſt.
Ceſa. Oh keepe your way; you cannot lightly fall,
But if you doe.
Can. How then.
Ceſa. You ſhalbe ſupported.
Can. My heart begins to throb, my ſoule miſdoubts,
I feare ſome treachery *A che me fido, guarda me Dio,*
On in Gods name.
Ceſ. Giue me your hand brother, fie doe not faint.
Can. *Ceſar* I can ſcarſe goe,
A ſuddaine qualme hath ſeaz'd vpon my ſpirits.

Ceſ.

Cæ. Tut brother forward with alacritie,
My life for yours youle be at eaſe anon,
Can. Tis a foule buſines let vs retire,
And ſeeke ſome other ſeaſone for our ſports,
Cæ. I am aſham'd thou ſhould'ſt be generall,
To lead thoſe forces that fight for the Church,
And heere ſhew ſuch faint harted cowardize.
Can. Are you diſpoſ'd to quarrell in the ſtreets,
Neither the time nor place ſerues inſtantly;
To call you to ſome audit for theſe words.
Cæ. Abortiue Coward borne before thy time, Cæſar *trips vp*
I will not brooke thy fooliſh inſolence. Candies *heels.*
Col nuuolo la pioggia.
Cæſar *and* Freſcobaldi *ſtab him.*
Can. Deere God reuenge my wrongs, receaue my ſoule.
Cæ. Let him receaue thy ſoule when he thinkes good,
Ile take an order for thy buriall.
Helpe *Freſcobaldi* let vs heaue him ouer,
That he may fall into the riuer *Tiber*,
Come to the bridge with him.
Freſ. Be what he will the villaine's ponderous,
Hath he ſome gould about him ſhall I take it?
Cæ. Take it were there a million of duckets,
Thou haſt done brauely *Freſcobaldi*,
Stretch thee, ſtreth out thine armes feare that he
Fall not vpon the arches.
Freſ. Ile waſh him doubt you not of a new faſhion.
Cæ. I thinke thou neuer hadſt thy Chriſtendome,
Follow for Company prenitious villaine.
Freſ. Hold hold, Coxwounds my Lord hold,
Cæ. The diuell goe with you both for company.
Cæſar *caſteth* Freſcobaldi *after*

Cæſar *ſolus.*

Now *Cæſar* Muſter vp thy wittes together.
Summon thy ſences and aduance thy ſelfe,
Ware and Earth haue interpoſ'd their bodies,
Betwixt the worldes bright eye and this blacke murther.

ſweete

Sweete ſilent night (guarded with ſecret ſtarres)
Keepe ſilence, and conceale this Tragedie:
Saturne is lord aſcendant of this hower,
Propitious patron of all ſlaughters
Of murthers, Paracides, and maſſacres:
Lord of my birth, auſpitious to my life,
This is my firſt degree to domination.
Who can, or (if they could) who dare ſuſpect,
How *Caſar Borgia* kild his brother *Candie*?
This is infallible, that many crimes
Lurke vnderneath the robes of Holineſſe:
And vnderneath my Purple tunicle
This fact concealed is: *Aſcanio Sforza*
Shall ſtrangely (by ſome wilie policies)
Be brought into ſuſpect for *Candies* death.
Siſter *Lucretia* thou muſt follow next:
My fathers ſhame and mine, endeth in thee.
Now ſhew thy ſelfe true *Caſar*; *Caſar* ſhall
Either liue *Caſar* like, or not at all.

Guicchiardine.

Death and bloud onely lengthen out our Scœne.
Theſe be the viſible and ſpeaking ſhewes,
That bring vice into deteſtation,
Vnnaturall murthers, curſed poyſonings,
Horrible exorciſme, and Inuocation,
In them examine the rewarde,
What followes, view with gentle patience.

ACT. 4. *SCÆ.* 1.

Alexander *in his ſtudie beholding a Magicall glaſſe with other obſeruations.*

Alex. Fore-god 'tis *Candie*, 'tis *Candy* I know 'tis *Candie*,
Where is that traiterous homicide? where is hee?
I cannot ſee him: hee ſhall not ſcape me ſo.
I muſt and will finde him, though he went inuiſible,

Appeare,

Appeare appeare;not yet;ha and *Candy* murthered too,
Let me looke forth.
Alexander *commeth vpon the Stage out of his ſtudy with a booke in his hand.*
Oh, oh, very good very good:well I perfectly peceiue,
By this eſcention of *Arctophilax*,
What time of night it is, ſorrow giue place;
Reuenge in blood and herie ſacrafice,
Commaundeth: nature now preuents her current:yeeld,
Let vs adore the ſecond eye of heauen, *he boweth his bodie.*
Bright *Armatas* increaſeth ſhe,is not combuſt.
O ſacred ſeaſon for noćturnall Ceremonies.
This ioyeous quarter is in *Caſmaran.ha.* *he looketh on a watch.*
What hower of night iſt?why tis *Salam*,twelue a cloke,
What are our angels of this quarter?
Gargatel Tariel Gauiel.
How goodly theſe augurize faire auſpices of truth,
Now mountes bright *Athaman* in his goulden aſcention,
Direct in oppoſition with our hemiſpher, *he tinketh on a bell.*
And now there hower with them is *Aetalon*:
Bernardo bring hither thy white robes of ſanćtity,
Haſt thou Coles ready burnt bring in my Thurible,
And ſence about this ſanćtified place,
For heere *Feſtatini* muſt haue her honor.
Candie my ſonne is murthered,*Candie* my ſonne,
Candie my ſonne is murthered:I will raiſe
All the great diuills to ſhew the murtherer,
Euen as thou lou'dſt my ſonne haſt and diſpatch,
Haſt and diſpatch it as thou loueſt my ſoule.
Tis not yet *nayne* by three quarters of an hower,
What are our Angels of this night?*Michael*,*Dardael*,*Huratinos*,
In a triumphant carre of burning gold,
Crownd with a circlet of blacke hebeny,
And with a mace of Iet King *Varca* rides,
Attended with his miniſters of ſtate,*Andas* and *Cynaball.*
Fit diſmall times for our ſolemnities.
Enter Bernardo.
Put on my robes giue me my Pentacle,

Cenſe well *Barnardo*: bring me ſome fire in an earthen veſſell
Now muſt I laboure like a collyers horſe.

After Bernardo *had Cenſed he bringeth in coles, and* Alexander *faſhioneth out his circle then taketh his rod.*

My pretious beſt approu'd and truſty ſeruaſt,
Hence in all haſt be-take thee to thy beads,
Whilſt theſe darke workes of horror are in hand,
Red *Sandall* is my fumigation.

ſtanding without the circle he waueth his rod to the Eaſt.

And calleth vpon — VIONATRABA.
To the Weſt. — SVSERATOS.
To the North. — AQVIEL.
To the Sowth. — MACHASAEL.

Coniuro, et confirmo ſuper vos in nomine Eye,eye,ey; haſt vp & aſcende *permomeu ya, ya, ya; he,he,he; va; hy,hy; ha,ha,ha; va,va, va;an,an,an;*

Fiery exhalations lightning thunder aſcend a King, with a red face crowned imperiall riding vpon a Lyon, or dragon: Alexander *putteth on more perfume and ſaith.*

I coniure thee by theſe aforeſaid names,
That thou receaue no phantaſmatike illuſions.

Diue. What would great *Alexander* haue with vs,
That from our fiery region millions of legions,
Beneath the ſulphurous bottome of *Abiſſe*,
Where *Alumnon* tells his euer tryed gould,
Thou call'ſt me from ſtrong buſines of high ſtate,
From ſure ſubuerſions and mutations
Of mighty Monarches, Emperors, and Kings,
From plotting bloody ſeilds and maſſacres,
Triumphant treaſons and aſſaſſinates,
Whats thy demand?

Alex. I charge thee by the fower recited names,
And by the dreadfull title of great *Phaa*,
By which all creatures are ſure ſealed vp,
By which the prince of darknes and all powers,
In earth and hell doe tremble and fall downe,
Shew me the ſhape of that condemned man,
Which murthered my ſonne the duke of *Candy*.

Diuel.

Din. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtir not for thy life,
Expect a meſſenger of truſt ſtand faſt,

The diuell deſcendeth with thunder and lightning and after more exhalations aſcends another all in armor.

Dine. Sent from the foggy lake of fearefull ſtix.
Am I comaunded by that puiſſant monarch,
Which rides tryumphing in a chatriot,
On miſty blacke clouds mixt with quenchles fire,
Through vnquoth corners in darke pathes of death,
To doe what thou demandeſt.

Allex. Then by the dreadfull names of *Amioram, Titepand Sadai* ſhew me that damned childe of reprobation,
Which this night murthered the duke of *Candie.*

Dini. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtir not for thy life,

He goeth to one doore of the ſtage, from whence he bringeth the Ghoſt of Candie *gaſtly haunted by* Cæſar *perſuing and ſtabing it, theſe vaniſh in at another doore.*

Alex. Hold, hold, hold, hold; *per todos ſantos* now no more,
Cæſar hath kill'd a brother and a father.

Dine. What wouldeſt thou more ſhall I deſcend?

Alex. Shew me the perſon by whoſe impious hand,
Giſmond Viſelli, was done to death?

Deue. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtirre not for thy life.

He bringeth from the ſame doore Giſmond Viſelli, *his wounds gaping and after him* Lucrece *vndreſt, holding a dagger fix'd in his bleeding boſome: they vaniſh.*

Alex. Out, out, no more no more, my ſoule diſolues.

Deus. Say, ſay what wouldeſt thou more? diſcend.

Alex. *Beldachienſis, Berolaenſis, Helioren, diſcende, diſcende, iubeo, mando, impero.*

Deuill deſcendeth with thunder, &c.

Enter Bernardo. Alexander *tinketh his heele.*

Alex. Out out alas *Bernardo* I am wounded,
With griſly wounds and deepe incurable.

Ber. Comfort your ſelfe in Gods name bleſſed father,
Soe long as noe wounds of the body bleed.

Alex. The cureles wounds I meane are of my body
Wounds of my ſoule and body: but *Bernardo*
This is my comfort in calamity,
Some ſhall packe after them for company
Whats a clocke?

Barn. Very neere ſix by Saint *Peters* bell

Alex. Haſt thee, then paſſe thou to my Poticary, bid him prouide thoſe drugges I ſpoke for yeſter-day, and beare them in all haſt to *Dominico Giglio* take you thoſe letters with you which are here, bid him deliuer them in *Lodouick Sforzaes* name her luſtfull Paramoure; make haſt and ſee that he diſpatch it quickly, deliuer him a purſe from mee for a token cramd with two hundred ducates, bid him bee ſecreat as he loues his life, haſt and begon. *Exit* Bernardo.

Aſtor ſhall follow, I muſt haue his Lands
This thorne muſt be cut of being but teader
Then cut it ſoone whilſt it is yong and ſlender.
Leaſt growing great it prick thee to the bone
My luſt importunes it and he ſhall die,
Sonnes, Nephewes, Daughters, Concubines, ſhall die.
My conſcience is turn'd mercies enemy,
He that would riſe to riches and renowne
Muſt not regard though he pull millions downe.
Exit Alexander *into the ſtudie.*

SCEN. 2.

Enter Cæſar Borgia *with* Caraffa *and* Bentiuoli.

Caſ. Where is his Holineſſe? where is my father?
Alas your Sonne is ſlaine; your haples Sonne,
My noble brother out alas, alas
Is murthered: in tender paſſion
Let curious ſearch and inquiſition
Be made through *Rome* to finde the murtherers:
I feare that Traitrous *Judas* Cardinall
Aſcanio Sforza with his complicies:
I will not hould fraternity with him:
And here behold my meaning bleſſed father:
Receiue againe theſe robes, take here this hat,

And

And in theſe armes which I haue bucled on
I do forſweare al offices of Church,
Vntill I be reuenged for his death.
He diſrobeth himſelfe and appeareth in armor.
Alex. A foule red vengeance ouer hangs his head
Whoſe heart indurate or whoſe diuiliſh braine,
Could execute conceiue or meditate
So foule a murther of an Innocent.
Caraffa with *Bentiuoli* giue leaue
Some-what I would in priuate haue with *Ceſar*.
Ceſar deſemble not for that were vaine *Exeunt* Car. *et Ben.*
Whence comeſt thou.
Ceſ. Directly from my Chamber.
Ale. Where didſt thou here this newes.
Ceſ. Fiſhers which found his body brought the newes.
Alex. Then he was droun'd *Ceſar* was he not?
Ceſ. It ſeemes he was.
Alex. What by ſome Fiſher.
Ceſ. How ſhould I know that.
Ale. Sure by ſome ſubtill Fiſher that layd nets
For *Candies* life and honor: but ſay truly,
Was it thy brother.
Ceſ. Are not you my father?
Ale. Ah that I neuer had beene any father,
But ſpeake againe, man ſpeake the truth and feare not:
Who ſlew thy brother *Candie* this laſt night,
Who traind him forth who walk'd along with him.
Ceſ. Am I the keeper of my brothers perſon.
Alex. Execrable *Cain*; perfidious Homecide,
Apparant villaine what canſt thou deſigne?
Which I would know that thou canſt hide from me.
Ceſ. A plague vpon your diuills you deale with them,
That watch more narrowly to catch your ſoule
Then he which ſought my brother *Candies* death,
You know that Satnan is the lord of lies
A falſe accuſer and deſembler,
Tell your familiers they be lying Diuils.
Alex. *Ceſar* no more, *Ceſar* no more, thou knowſt.

Cæſ. What know I?
Alex. That I know, diſſemble not.
Cæſ. Suppoſe you know, ſuppoſe in wrath & fury
I killd my brother; can we mend it now?
He was not faſhion'd for theſe buſie times:
He reſts in peace, our peace reſts in our ſwords.
Alex. *Cæſar* thou do'ſt vnkindly vex my ſoule,
With rubbing vp my ſecret miſeries:
Incur'd by ſeeking to lift vp thy head.
Cæſ. Pull me not downe good father with your conſcience:
Your conſcience, father of my conſcience is,
My conſcience is as like your conſcience,
As it were printed with the ſelfe-ſame ſtampe.
I know my ſinnes are burthenous, and beare them,
Your ſinnes more hainous, yet your robes conceale them.
Alex. Out wicked and nefarious homicide.
Cæſ. Vpbraid me not, for if that Lampe burne dimme,
Which ſhould giue light to men in darkeſt night;
How can they chooſe but muſt in ſhaddowes erre,
That follovv the blind-glimering thereof:
Doth this one petty fault appeare ſo grieuous?
Which if you vvell conſider is no fault;
He vvas an honeſt man, and fitt for heauen:
Whilſte he liu'd here he breath'd in miſerie;
And vvould haue beene enlarg'd: I ſet him free,
Novv if I may compare your ſtate vvith his,
Or your condition vvith my qualitie,
Haue you not ſold your ſelfe vnto the Diuill,
To be promoted to the Papacie:
Haue you not ſould the liuings of the Church?
Are not your coffers cram'd vvith beaſtly bribes,
With foule extortion, and baſe Vſury?
Haue yee not (ſince your inauguration)
Poyſoned and done to death ſix Cardinals;
In diuliſh auarice to get their goods?
Haue you not (vvhich is moſt abhominable)
Committed inceſt vvith your onely daughter;
And made me ſinne vvith her for company,

That

That both might raigne in hell for company?
Did you not take of *Georgio Bucciardo*
One hundred thousand Ducats from the *Turke*,
To kill his brother *Gemen Ottamon*?
Haue you not kept the Pearle of *Italie*,
Aſtor Manfredi that young vertuous Prince,
In beaſtly luſt, and filthy *Sodomie*,
Blaſting the bloſſome of his toward youth?
Haue you not now giuen order for the death
Of my deere Siſter, whom your paſſions cauſ'd
To kill her latter husband *Di Viſelli*,
And robd the noble Earle of his new ſpowſe,
Onely to cloake your vile impiety,
Ale. Cæſar the Diuill hath bin thy Schole-maiſter.
Caſ. I paſſe your ſecret counſeil with the diuill,
Your Auarice, ambition, perfidie,
Your bloudie plots, inhumane crueltie,
Why then vpbrayd yee mee with *Candies* death?
A baſtard of our houſe, degenerate,
In whom no ſparke or ſpiracle of honor,
Appear'd to raiſe the race of *Borgia*.
But had I beene Lieutenant of your forces,
This arme had conquer'd all *Romania*,
France before this had trembled, *Spaine* had ſtoop'd,
The *Romaine* Emperor had faun'd vpon vs.
King *Charles* had beene reſtraind, *Frederick* expulſd,
And *Naples* had beene made our heritage.
Alex. A triple ioy ſucceeds a ſingle griefe,
I haue engag'd all to make *Cæſar* great,
Cæſar it ſuteth with thy grace and glory,
To cloake my vices, I will pardon thine,
Let one of vs excuſe an others crimes,
And for this bloudy fact ſo lately done,
As thou didſt cunningly begin proceed,
To lay the guilt or imputation
On them whoſe death may doe thee benefit:
And neuer was my ſoule better contented,
Then that our woes are with rich hopes preuented.

Caſ. Now

Cæſ. Now ſtands *Romania* ſubiect to my ſword,
Imola furli Cuneriue, and *Vrbine*
Shall haue the firſt charge, if I there ſucceed,
Haue forward farther with a better ſpeed,
Cæſar o nullo written in my guydon,
When with my troopes victoriouſly I ride on.
Alex. Holla *Bernardo*, call in *Caraffa* with *Bentiuoli*: *Enter* Barn:
Ay now now now, my precious boy, my *Cæſar*,
Proſecute as thou haſt begunne,
With Arte, looke ſullaine and demure,
Hold downe thy head, like one ſwolne vp with ſorrow,
Enter Caraffa *with* Bentiuoli.
They come, they come, ſay that thoſe armes were put on,
In reuenge of *Candies* death.
The ſoueraigne medicine of things paſt cure,
Is for to beare with patience and forget,
Cæſar hath vowde reuenge for *Candies* death,
And in regarde of *Cæſars* piety,
I make him generall in his brothers place.
Cæſ. And neuer ſhall I ſheath this ſword in peace
Till it haue wrought vpon the murtherer.
Caraf. Happy ſucceſſe accompany my Lord,
And in your battles giue you victory.
Bent. Is order taken for his funerals.
Cæſ. Bentiuoli take you no thought for that,
That is the greateſt care, which troubles me.
Alex. Come on my Lords, we will aduiſe within,
For I muſt haue your counſels in my griefe. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Lucretia *richly attired with a Phyal in her hand.*

Luc. Kinde *Lodowike* hadſt thou preſented me,
With *Perſian* clothes of gold or *Tinſiltry*,
With rich *Arabian* Odors, pretious ſtones,
Or what braue women hold in higheſt price,
Could not haue beene ſo gracious as this tincture,
Which I more valew then my richeſt iewels,

Oh

Oh *Motticilla.* *Enter* Motticilla.
Bring me ſome mixtures and my dreſſing boxes,
This night I purpoſe priuately to ſup
With my Lord Cardinall of *Capua.*
Enter two Pages with a Table, two looking glaſſes, a box with Combes and inſtruments, a rich bowle.
Bring me ſome blanching water in this bowle. *Exit* Motti.
Shee looketh in her glaſſe.
Here I perceiue a little riueling
Aboue my for-head but I wimple it
Either with iewels or a lock of haire,
And yet it is as white as the pure ſnow:
O God when that ſweet *Marques Mantoua,*
Did in *Ferrara* feaſt my Lord and mee,
What rich compariſons and ſimilies,
He with ingenious fantaſie deuiſ'd,
Doting vpon the whiteneſſe of my browes?
As that betwixt them ſtood the chaire of ſtate,
Compoſ'd of Iuorie for the *Paphian* Queene:
Sitting in comfort after amourous conqueſt,
And kiſt my for-head twenty thouſand times.
Oft haue I wiſht the coulour of this haire
More bright, and not of ſuch a *Spaniſh* dye,
And yet the Duke of *Bourbon* on his knees,
As the diuineſt fauour of this world,
Did beg one lock to make a Braceler,
For which few haires he garniſhed my head
With Iewels worth ſix thouſand crownes at leaſt.
My beaming eyes yet full of Maieſty,
Dart loue, and giue bright luſter to the glaſſe,
As when the ſunne beames touch a Diamond.
The Prince of *Salerne* ſolemnly did ſweare,
Theſe eies were quiuers which ſuch ſhafts did beare
That were ſo ſharpe, and had ſuch fierie touch,
As *Cupids* Arrowes neuer had ſo much,
The Roſie Garden of theſe amourous cheekes,
My noſe the gratious ſorte of conquering loue,
Breathing attractiue odors to thoſe louers

That languiſh and are vanquiſht with deſire,
Gonzaga calleth it the ſiluer pearch,
Where *Venus* turtles mutuall pleaſure ſearch.
Sweet mouth the Ruby port to Paradice
Of my worlds pleaſure from whence iſſue forth,
Many falſe brags, bold ſallies, ſweet ſupplies,
A chinne the matchles fabricke of faire nature,
A necke two breſts vpon whoſe cherry nipples,
So many ſweet ſolcions *Cupid* ſucke,
Giue me ſome blanching water in this boule,
Waſh my face *Motticilla* with this cloth,
So tis well, now will I try theſe collours,
Giue me that oyle of *Talck*,
Take ſa:ſnet *Motticilla* ſmooth my forehead,

She looketh in two glaſſes and beholdeth her body.

I muſt delay this colour is it carnation right.
Mot. Oh the true tincture of a damask roſe,
Luc. What is it excellent.
Mot. Moſt full of life.
And madame thats a pretious liniment,
As euer I beheld to ſmooth the browes.
Luc. I will correct theſe arches with this mullet,
Plucke not to hard, beleeue me *Motticilla*,
You plucke to hard.
I feele a foule ſtincke in my noſtrells,
Some ſtinke is vehement and hurts my braine,
My cheekes both burne and ſting giue me my glaſſe.
Out out for ſhame I ſee the blood it ſelfe,
Diſperſed and inflamed, giue me ſome water.

Motticilla *rubbeth her cheekes with a cloth.*

Lucretia *looketh in the glaſſe.*

My braines intoxicate my face is ſcalded.
Hence with the glaſſe: coole coole my face, rancke poyſon,
Is miniſtred to bring me to my death,
I feele the veaime boyling in my veines.
Mot. Ah me deere Lady; what ſtrang leoproſie?
The more I waſh the more ſpreads on your face.

Lucre.

Luc. Send to my father; call phiſitions in, *Exit Mati*
Oh *Candie* where art thou my comforter,
Dead and intomb'd; *Lucrece* muſt follow thee,
I burne I burne, oh where is my deere Lord.
My braines are ſeard vp with ſome fatall fire.

Enter a ſeruant and Phiſition with Motticila.

Ser. Deere Lady cheere your ſelfe, be not diſmayd,
His Holines in haſt hath ſent releife:
His owne Phiſition to recomfort you.

Luc. For our deere Ladies paſſion bring ſome water to coole my thirſt.

Phi. Madam you may not drinke,
Till you receaue this one preſeruatiue.

Luc. A foule vnſauorie loathſome ſtinke choakes vp
My vitall ſences: and a boyling heat
ſuppes vp the liuely ſpirit in my lungs.

Phi. This poyſon ſpreads and is incurable,
Madame receiue one precious antidote.

Luc. What haue I caught you *Sforza*,
Who painted my faire face with theſe foule ſpots,
You ſee them in my ſoule deformed blots,
Deliuer me from that murthered man,
He comes to ſtab my ſoule I wounded him,
Oh *Giſmond Giſmond* hide thoſe bleeding wounds,
My ſoule bleeds drops of ſorrow for thy ſake;
Looke not ſo wrathfull I am penitent.
Loue and remorſe did harbour in thine hart,
What doeſt thou becken to me I will come,
And follow thee through millions of woes.

Phi. Sweet Lady will you take a little reſt,
It will refreſh your ſpirits inſtantly.

Luc. No reſt vntill I ſee my Lord againe.

Mot. Deere Lady doe you loue your life, take reſt,

Shee taketh hold of Motticila.

Luc. From the pure burning coles of true contrition.
Me thinkes I ſee the liuely counterfet,
Of catiue *Creſſed* in her miſery,
Ingenderd out of hir diſloyalty,

Ah *Moticilla* whome I trained vp
In cunning ſleights and ſnares of filthineſſe,
Forgiue me for that ſinne;liue and repent.
Mor: Oh God forgiue me for my ſinnes are great,
And if his goodneſſe lend my life ſome ſpace,
I will with pennance call on him for grace,
And ſpend the remnant of my life in prayer.
Luc: I can no more,death ſummoneth my ſoule,
Open thy boſome father *Abraham*,
Mercyfull father let thy mercy paſſe
Extend thy mercy where no mercy was.
Mercyfull father for thy ſonnes deere mérrit
Pardon my ſinnfull ſoule receiue my ſpirrit. *Expirat Lucrece.*
Phi: Now is her ſoule at reſt tis very ſtrange,
As well the cauſe as manner of her death,
I haue beene ſtudied in *Hipocrates*,
In bookes of *Gallen* and olde *Auecine*,
Obſerv'd the cures of diuers learned doctors,
In *France* in *Spaine* and higher *Germany*,
Yet neuer met with ſuch an accicent,
Beare in her body I will in all haſt,
Bring wofull newes vnto ſaint *Peeters Pallace*,
His Holineſſe will grieuiouſly lament. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCÆ. 4.

Enter Cæſar *and* Barbaroſſa *ſouldiers drums and trumpets.*
Cæſ: Fellows in armes after our victories,
Had in the firſt front of our happie warr,
With men of hardy reſolution,
Now muſt we bend our forces againſt *Furly*,
Where that prowd *Amazonian Katharine*,
Dareth defiance in the face of warr,
And yet our hopes are ſure,all paſſage cleere,
And ſhe before I lodge this reſtles head,
Shall beare the bondage of this victorie.
Bar: Theſe proud preſuming ſpirrits of vaine women,
Whoſe bloodleſſe woundes are only bloody words,
Talke without reaſon,fight without reſiſtance,

But

But on the face of grimme deuouring Warre,
With frowning fore-head menacing his force,
They fall downe on their backs as *Venus* did,
When *Mars* beheld her with a Souldiers face,
Cæſ. Nay we muſt fight: I know the puiſſant ſpirit
Of warlike *Kate* the pride of *Italie*,
Sforzaes braue ſiſter and old *Riarioes* widdow,
Excellent valour, and deepe policie
Muſt winne it, if we purchaſe at her hands.
Bar. And yet we be before-hand with the Lady,
Hauing ſurprized her treaſure and her ſonnes,
As they were making their eſcape for *Florence*:
What ſhall we trie renowned generall?
And ſearch her reſolution.
Cæſ. Shall wee? doubt you not,
Nay though the walles of *Furly* were of ſteele,
Theſe pledges ſhould make paſſage for our powers,
And what? ſhall we ſtoope for thoſe twenty Enſignes,
Which this laſt night haue enter'd their Ports,
Nay were they ten to one within thoſe walles,
Cæſar (that carries Fortune in his Standerd)
Would make them giue ground & ſubiect them-ſelues.
Bar. Speake then at once renowned generall,
Shall we go Souldier-like to worke at firſt?
Shall we ſalute her with our Cannon?
Cæſ. What? no *Barbaroſſa* not without a parlee,
Fore-God I loue her, and admire her valour,
And till we finde her words prooue empty ſquibs,
We giue her all the noble rights of warre,
Summon a parlee. *Sound drum, anſwer Trumpet.*

Enter vpon the walles Counteſſe Katherine, Iulio Sforza, *Enſigne, ſouldiers, Drummes, Trumpets.*

What haue wee *Pallas* come vpon theſe walles,
To bring confuſion of our companies:
Doth proud *Penthefilea* liue againe,
Which ſome-time raging in the Fields of blood,
Made paſſage with her angry ſword through millions.

Kat. I tell thee *Cæſar* ſonne of *Alexander*
A booke befits thee better then a blade:
Perceaſe in ſcorne thou wilt reply the like,
A diſtaffe fits me better then a pike.
Know *Cæſar* had I now ſo many liues
As here are ſtoanes or haires vpon your beards,
I would forgo them al before this honor,
Which my deere Lord *Riario* did leaue mee,
The pledge of my deere loue his Chüdrens patrimony.
Caſ. Speake in a milder key renowned *Kate*,
I loue you well and all braue *Sforzaes* race
Yet you muſt yeeld there is no remedy,
It is the Churches right and I muſt haue it.
Kath. Me thinkes a pulpet were more fit for thee,
But did'ſt thou euer reade Saint *Gregory*:
That he which hunteth for authority,
Himſelfe ſhould gouerne direct and know well;
He did a deede of danger that aduanc'd thee,
For proud ambition violates all right.
Caſ. Be not ſo bitter *Kate* a friend intreates you,
But if intreaties will not, looke vpon mee:
Heere ſtandeth *Cæſar*, the ſharpe ſcourge of *Furly*
And were your fort fenc'd with as many men,
As it is girt with ſtones *Cæſar* would haue it,
Subdue them and make pillage of their goods
And in reſiſtance ſeale it with their blouds.
Kat. What are your weapons ſheathed in your throates?
Is euery word a ſword then ſhake hands *Cæſar*:
Venter no further and we will be friends
But if your words haue accents in keene ſwords,
And end in bloud, then *Cæſar* looke on me:
I with defiance turne ſwords in yo'r throates,
You ſhall not thruſt that imputation
Vpon our ſex, for I will fight it out
So long as I can ſtand vpon theſe walls.
Caſ. You would repent it, if you knew the worſt,
Conſider *Kate* be well aduiſed firſt.
Kat. *Cæſar* at one word to diſcharge my conſcience,

Were

Were there a Cannon there to be diſchardg'd
Vpon this fruitfull wombe the nurſe of Children,
And I ſure peece mell to be torne withall,
If I would not ſurrender vp this forte
Your Cannon ſhot ſhould plowe theſe bowells vp,
That vow to God and my deere huſband made:
I neuer will infringe with perfedy :
I know thee bloudy *Caſar*: the diſhonor,
In yeelding vp thy reuerend purple roabes
Which ſhould protect widowes and Orphanes rightes,
Appeareth well in taking vniuſt armes,
To wrong the Widowes and the Fatherleſſe
Either fight *Caſar* or forſake the field,
Perſwade thy ſelfe aliue I will not yeeld.
Caſ. Then I will ſhew you what warres deſteny,
Prognoſticates, bring forth her ranſome hither
Barbaroſſa *bringeth from* Cæſars *Tent hir two boyes.*
If nature be not quite extinguiſhed
Theſe pledges ſhall enfranchize you from warre
I brought them to this purpoſe; that in them,
You with your friends might liue in liberty.
Kat. Neuer but with advantages deere Lord,
Monſter of miſery what think'ſt thou *Caſar*
That I will yeeld mine honor for their ſafety?
Be not deceiu'd thou haſt ſurpriz'd my Children,
Riarioes riches left in my tuition
And borne out of theſe bowells; but deere boyes,
Courage your ſelues I will defend your honors:
I tell thee *Caſar* theſe my boyes are taught
To beare with patience fates ineuitable
Theſe carry *Sforzaes* ſpirit and their fathers;
I dare gage life and aſke them they will chuſe,
To lack their liues before they looſe their honors.
Caſ. *Caſar* in this hath offered like himſelfe,
He proffereth to preſerue your towne vntouch't:
Your goods, your wiues, your liues, your liberties:
But marke what fruites thy bittemeſſe brings forth,

To

To make thine hard heart infamous for euer,
Before thy face theſe boyes ſhall looſe their liues
If thou ſurrender not without more parlee.
Kath. Bloudy *Oſyris* I defie thy malice,
I ſpit defiance in thy cowards face.
Trayteur to God and man had'ſt thou beene *Ceſar*,
Inſiſting on high tearmes of worth and honor
Thou woul'ſt conſider that their bloud is Noble,
Thou wouldſt conſider that they be but children,
Thou wouldſt conſider that thou art a warrier
And that ſuch noble bloud ſpilt with diſhonor
And train'd in with inſideous trechery,
By God nor man in heauen nor earth below
Can be forgotten or aboliſhed.
Barb. Braue generall you parlee with a woman,
Whoſe heart is obſtinate, whoſe hands are freeble,
Seemeth in vaine and ouer tedious.
Ceſar. Speake at a word cannon is my next parlee,
You will not yee'ld your ſtate to ſaue their liues.
Kath. I will not *Ceſar*.
Caſ. Cut of both their heads.
1. *Boy.* Let vs intreat our mother noble generall,
For to deliuer vp the ſtate of *Furly*
And will you ſaue our liues then.
2. *Boy.* Good Captaine do not kill vs.
Caſ. If ſhe will yeeld the ſtate your liues are ſafe.
1. *Boy.* Good mother for my fathers ſake that's dead,
And for mine Vncles ſake part of your bowells
And for our owne ſakes yeeld your ſelues and ſaue vs,
2. *Boy.* Good ſweete mother ſaue vs.
Kat. Poore boies, in heart vnlike *Riarios* race,
Or *Sforzaes* warlike linnage by the mother
Know what it is die with liberty,
And liue with ignominious ſeruitude.
If you your liues buy with the loſſe of ſtates
It were of all extreameties the vileſt
But in extreamety to die reſolu'd
Preſeruing ſtate and reputation:

Is ſaid to dye within the bed of honour,
This is an honor for *Riariots* children,
And for my part, it neuer ſhall be ſayd,
That *Katherine* being ſtrong vpon hir guarde,
Hauing good forces able to defend,
In brutiſh feare ſhould giue away your ſtates;
I rather will obtrude my ſelfe vnarm'd,
And meete the thickeſt rankes that enter breach,
To be toſt vp vpon their ſouldiers pikes,
Sooner I will ſet all the towne on fire,
And with my ſoldiers ſacrifice my ſelfe,
Rather then render vp your heritage,

Caſ. Oh brauely ſpoken warlike *Amazon*.

1. *Boy*. Mother we ſcorne death in reſpect of honor
Let him performe his worſt, we feare him not,
Courage ſweete brother, thinke vpon my father,
I will dye firſt, be not affraid of death.

Caſ. Why then you are reſolu'd to dye?

1. *Boy*. I to dye *Caſar*.

Caſ. Bring hether both their heads.

Kath. Gods bleſſing reſt with you my deereſt ſonnes
And if I looſe your ſtates, my life ſhall follow,
Nothing but violence ſhall force it from vs,
Ere long this quarrell twixt vs will ſtand euen:
Farewell deere boyes, till we three meete in heauen.

2. *Boy* Ah deere Mother, ſweete mother, good Vncle *Iulio* ſaue our liues.

Caſ. Away with him.

2. *Boy*. Let me before I dye, but kiſſe my mother.

Kath. What wouldſt thou runne againe into my wombe?
If thou wert here thou ſhouldſt be *Poſthumus*,
And ript out of my ſides with ſoldiers ſwords,
Before I would yeeld vp thine heritage.

1. *Boy*. Come brother let vs brauely dye together.

Caſ. I tell thee when that theſe haue loſt their heads,
I will make ſacke and pillage of your ſtate,
Man, women, Orphanes, all put to the ſword,
This hath your obſtinacie wrought in vs,

Carry them hence, bring hether both their heads. *Exeunt with the boyes.*
And then a charge vpon this valrant Lady,
This *Thamyris*, this proud *Semeramis*,
Whose valour *Barbaroſſa* by theſe heauens,
Is very wonderfull and glorious.

Kate. Had he more force, what would this tirant do?

Caſ. A charge, a charge.

Kat. For Gods ſake charge, a charge let vs to fight.

Caſ. A ſpirit full of vengeance, wrath, and ſpite,
Aſſault, aſſault, charge noble hearts a charge.

A charge with a peale of Ordinance: Cæſar *after two retreates entreth by ſcalado, her Enſigne-bearer ſlaine:* Katherin *recouereth the Enſigne, & fighteth with it in her hand. Heere ſhe ſheweth excellent magnanimity.* Cæſar *the third time repulſed, at length entreth by ſcalado, ſurpriſeth her, bringeth her downe with ſome priſoners. Sound Drums and Trumpets.*

Caſ. Couragious *Kate*, you that would throw defiance
Into the face and throate of fate and *Cæſar*,
Such are the fruites of pride and wilfulneſſe.
Haue I perform'd my word? are you ſurpriz'd?
Is not your life and liuing in my power?

Kat. Now that my ſonnes firſt by inſidious meanes,
Bereaued of their liues, and their ſtates loſt,
The date of my calamities is out,
Goe forward with thy tyrannie, ſtrike *Cæſar*,
And take away the Mother with her ſonnes:
This done, recount what is thy victory.
A woman with two children vanquiſhed,
A prize befitting the renowne of *Cæſar*.

Caſ. Come hither *Katherine* wonder of thy ſex,
The grace of all *Italian* woman-hood:
Cæſar ſhall neuer prooue diſhonourable,
Behold thy children liuing in my Tent.

He diſcouereth his Tent where her two ſonnes were at Cardes.

2. *Boy.* Oh mother, mother, are you come, wee be not dead.

1. *Boy.* Good mother, thanke the Captaine, we liue yet,
They gaue vs ſpices, wines, and bad vs welcome,

I pray

I pray you thanke them.

Kate. Oh but your lands and honors are both loſt,
Had not an honorable death beene better:
Then thus to looſe your ſtates and liuely-hoods.
Heroike ſouldier, whoſe deceipt is honour,
Thou that haſt vnexpected ſau'd the liues
Of my two children, I ſubmit them here
Thy captiues, for their ranſome what is fitt.

Cæſ. I freely pardon theſe two boyes their ranſome,
Lady behold thy treaſure in my Tent,
Had I not wonne this towne, this hadſt thou loſt,
See Souldiers that her Iewels be reſeru'd
For her owne ſeruice, now the quarrell ends,

Kat. But noble *Cæſar* well intreate our people,
They be men valiant, ciuill, obedient,
If you their Magiſtrates intreate them well.

Cæſ. Take you the charge of *Furly*, *Barbaroſſa*,
Intreate the people well do not reſtraine them,
We freely pardon all of them their ranſomes,
So much as is in vs, we pardon all,
Vſe them as Cittizens of *Rome* in fauor,
Other inſtructions you ſhall haue here-after:
Till then regarde your charge and ſo farewell,

Enter with a drum, Barbaroſſa, *Soldiers.*

Lady, your ſelfe, with your two little babes,
I will take order ſhalbe ſent to *Rome*,
Be not diſmaid, you ſhall bee well intreated,
You ſhall want nothing fitting your eſtates,
March with vs on our way for *Capua*.

March Cæſar, Katherine, *her two boyes, Enſignes, Soldiers, Trumpets, Drums. Exeunt.*

SCÆ. 5.

Entor Alexander *out of his ſtudie.*

Alex. Bring in that *Opium*, and bowle of Wine,
Heere I muſt act a Trage-comœdie,
Bernardo is it well confected and prepar'd?

According to my conference with *Rotſi.*

Bernardo *with a flaggon of wine and a bowle.*

Ber. He ſent it as your Holines may ſee,
Safe ſealed vp.
Alex. Fill me that bowle of wine,

Alexander *openeth a box and putteth in the powder.*

Ber. Tis a drowſie medicine, do not taſt it my Lord,
Alex. Thou haſt ben taſter to me, many times,
Begin *Bernardo.*
Ber. My Lord I ſlept too much the laſt night and I dare not,
Alex. It holds good colour hold here *Bernardo,*
Giue good attendance, bring them to their reſt,
Then giue me notice at my ſtudy doore.
Ber. One ſet was paſt before I parted from them,
And by this time they be well heated.
Alex. Sirrà be diligent and ſeruiceable in this,
Euen as thou loueſt thy maiſter. *Exit* Alexander *into his ſtudy.*
Ber. Feare me not?
Were it not that my conſcience hath bene ſyer'd,
With flames of purgatory by this Pope,
I neuer could endure ſuch villany,
The beſt is he doth pardon all my ſinnes. *Exit* Bernardo.

Enter Aſtor *and* Philippo *in their waſt-cotes with rackets.*

Aſt. This ſet was ſtrangely loſt I durſt haue wagerd,
An hunder'd ducats after the firſt chaſe.
Phi. You thinke you play well, but beleeue me brother,
You cannot take paines nor obſerue a ball,
With that dexterity which appertaineth,
Aſt. Holla within if I take no paines,
My waſtcote well can witnes for I ſweate. *Enter Bernardo.*
Ber. Barber bring in ſome linnen for my Lords
Phil. Bring me ſome wine for I am very thirſty

Enter two Barbers with linen.

Ber. I liſtend for that ſtring and he hath toucht it,
Bar. Wilt pleaſe your Lo. ſhip ſit on this low chaire?

Phil.

Phi. Rub my head firſt then combe it,
Aſt. Fill me ſome wine *Bernardo*,
Ber. Good my Lord coole your ſelfe a litle,
Aſt. Giue me wine and let it be thy laboure good *Barnardo*
To call for muſicke. Bernardo *deliuereth wine.*
Brother in this cup I commend the loues,
Of all true *Fauentines* our truſty friends,
Hoping ere long to liue againe with them.
Phi. I thanke you brother, if our father Pope.
Performe his promiſe we ſhall ſoone returne.
Aſt. This wine was good yet taſteth of the caſck,
It hath a muſty relliſh.
Phi. Lets here this muſicke,
After the barbers had trimmed and rubbed their bodies a litle, Aſtor *caleth.*
Aſt. Holla within there.
Ber. My Lord.
Aſt. I thinke it good after this little rubbing to repoſe my body.
Phil. I am ſome what heauy.
Ber. I know the cauſe,
Aſt. And what *Bernardo*.
Ber. Marry with much motion of your bodies my Lords,
You muſt not be ſo vehement in play.
I knew a noble *French* man at *Anchona*,
Twenty yeares ſince at tennice tooke his death,
With ouer heating of him ſelfe in play.
They lay them ſelues vpon a bed and the barbers depart.
Phi. More muſicke there.
after one ſtraine of muſicke they fall a ſleepe:
Ber. My Lords are both a ſleepe muſicke depart,
And leaue them to their eaſe; alaſſe ſweet boyes,
Is it not pitty that theſe noble branches,
So ſweetly knit in one, ſhould neuer wake?
I that am hard of heart ſighe for their ſake,
My Lord. Bernardo *knockeh at the ſtudy.*
Alex. What newes man?
Ber. Both faſt a ſleepe.

Alex. And both vpon one bed?
Ber. Tis done.
Alex. And chamber voyded?
Ber. All is performed my Lord.
Alex. My blessinge rest vpon thee my *Benardo.*
Depart now with these letters I deliuerd,
To be conuayd to *Florence* leaue me here.

Alexander vpon the stage in his cassock and night-cap with a box vnder each arme.

Alexander *solus.*

Sleepe both secure vpon your fatall bed,
Now that the God of silence *Morpheus,*
Hath with his signet of black horne seal'd vp,
Your langued eye lids loaden with pale death,
Sleepe vntill you draw your lateſt breath,
Poore harmeles boyes strangers to sinne and guill,
Oh were my soule as innocent as yours!
This office is of highest consequence,
In friendship for I consider it,
I sent you from a million of sorrows,
Into the flowry fields of Paradice.
Their to goe habit in the groues of mirtle,
To feed on *Manna* and to drinke pure *Nectar,*
A cup of euerlasting happines.
Where such sweet musick vn-con-ceiueable,
Shall entertaine your senses in sweet comfort,
As the delight thereof shall neuer die'
Astor what *Astor* speake awake *Phillippo,*
Both fast a sleepe. *He stireth and moueth them opening both their bosomes.*
Now *Roderick* betake thee to thy taske,
What? peace *Astor* begins to talke I will attend.

Astor *speaketh in his sleepe.*

Ast. Faire gratious Angell of eternall light,
Which reacheſt out that hand of happines.
Hayling my spirit to that triumphant throne,
Of endles comfort I adore thy grace.

Phils.

Phi. *In his ſleepe.* Oh goulden light of neuer ſetting Sunne,
Harke brother *Aſtor* harke my ſoule is rapt,
Into the ioyes of heauen with harmony.
Alex. Doe they not ſleepe? are they not yet aſleepe?
Be not their ſences yet lockt vp in ſleepe.
he ſtirreth them.
Aſtor awake awake, awake *Philippo*.
All ſafe and ſure, oh this was but a dreame,
Their *Genius* hath fore told them of their end,
And ioyfully they doe ſhake hands with death.
He draweth out of his boxes aſpiks.
Come out here now you *Cleopatraes* birds.
Fed fat and plump with proud *Egiptian* ſlime,
Of ſeauen mouth'd *Nylus* but now turn'd leane:
He putteth to either of their breſts an Aſpike.
Take your repaſt vpon theſe Princely paps.
Now *Ptolamies* wife is highly magnified,
Enſigning theſe faire princely twins their death,
And you my louely boyes competitors,
With *Cleopatra* ſhare in death and fate.
Now *Charon* ſtayes his bote vpon the ſtrond,
And with a rugged forhead full of wrath
He thruſts a million from the ſhore of Stix,
To giue you waftage to the *Eliſian* fields,
I ſee their coulors chang and death ſittes heauy.
On their fayre foreheads with his leaden mace.
My birds are glutted with this ſacrefice.
He taketh of the Aſpiks *and putteth them vp in his box.*
What now proud wormes? how taſts yon princes blood.
The ſlaues be plump and round in to your neſts,
Is there no token of the ſerpents draught,
All cleere and ſafe well now faire boyes good-night.
Bernardo, Bernardo, the feate is done,
Vſe thy diſcretion as I did direct. *Exit* Alexander.
Ber. Tis done in deed alaſſe they both be dead:
Now muſt I follow my directions,

Holla

Holla within there. *Enter Cardinall* Caraffa *with* Bentiuoli.

Car. What newes *Bernardo*?

Ber. Alas my Lord ill newes,
But that his Holineſſe is faſt a ſleepe,
And this day ſtir'd not from his bed-chamber
I would haue brought him to this wofull ſight:
Prince *Aſtor* with *Phillippo* was at Tennis,
And being ouer-heated at their game,
Drinking ſo ſuddainly vpon that heate,
With much ſweete Wine did ſurfet inſtantly,
And here alas lye dead vpon this bed.

Bent. Alas it is a ruthfull ſpectacle,
Two princely boyes of noble diſpoſition,
Endued with honorable gifts of vertue.

Car. Of gracious fauour, wiſe, and liberall,
Phaenzaes hope: *Bernardo* beare them in,
His Holyneſſe will much bemone their fate.

Bent. My Lord, my Lord, I do not like of this.

Caraf. Peace man, no more do I, but beare with patience.

Bent. It is ſuſpicious but we may not talke,
Come let vs in, oh God!

Car. Oh God what times are theſe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Guicchiardine.

After the bloudy Duke *Valentinoys*
Had conquered *Furly*, with the warlick Lady,
By wily force he tooke in *Capua*,
Then through inſidious ſleights and treacheries,
He did ſurprize the ſtate of *Camerine*,
Where he captiued *Iulio di Varana*,
With his two ſonnes all which he ſtrangled,
With ſemblable tyranny proud *Cæſar*,
On termes of truſt meetes with the *Duke Grauina*,
And *Vitellozzo* with the prince of *Fermo*:
Whome he betraide at *Sinigaglia*,
Bereauing them both of their ſtates and liues,
He conquereth *Vrbin*, and with violence,

Perſor-

Performeth ſtrange and hiddeous outrages.
By this time with his forces backe to *Rome*,
Cæſar is marching; what betyded there,
Endes in the ſubiect of this Tragedie.

ACTVS. 5. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Cæſar *after a florish of trumpets with Drums, enſignes, ſoldiers.* Barbaroſſa, *Cardinall* Caraffa Bentiuogli, Baglioni.

Cæſ. Now that by cunning force and pollicie,
All the free ſtates and cities of *Romania*
Subiected are vnto the Church of *Rome*.
And that our pikes and ſwordes in blood and ſlaughter,
Are ſtaind and ſheath'd quiet in our ſcaberds,
Our blood and wounds ſtanch'd and bound vp in ſcarfs,
Let vs for this could ſeaſon of the yeare,
Reſt vs and cheere our ſelues till the next ſpring.
And then march forward with alacrity.
Braue *Barbaroſſa* take theſe ſouldiers,
Vnto ſome quarter where by ſound of drum,
According to their muſter giue them pay,
Let them be ſatisfied and ſo diſchargd.
Fellowes in armes faithfull and valiant,
I thanke you for your paines and honeſties,
In token of our good heart to your ſeruice,
Wee giue each common ſoldier more then pay,
Two ducates: and all other officers,
According to their place redoubled,
With many thankes for your exceeding valor,
Aſſuring you that in theſe warres with vs,
Cæſar ſhall make you Captaines of your ſpoyles,
And ſo doth he commend you to your eaſe.

Sold. A *Cæſar* a *Cæſar* God ſaue *Cæſar*. *Exit* Barba.

Sound trumpets and a floriſh with drums marching with ſoldiers.

Cæſa. Sirra come hether you muſt wayte on me.
My good Lord Cardinall and *Bentiuoli*,
Much thankes and deere acceptance of your loues,
I louingly returne for your great paines.
Caraff. His Holineſſe gaue vs in ſerious charge,
To giue you greeting and withall prepares
A ſumpteous feaſt for that ſolemnity,
To which he doth inuite the Cardinalls
With other Lords your fauourers in *Rome*.
Cæ. I humbly commend my duty to my father
Tell him this night I purpoſe to be with him,
Pointing at letters in his hand.
Tell him I liue in health and touching theſe,
I pray you certifie his Holineſſe,
I will haue ſpeciall care: and ſo my Lords
For a ſmall ſeaſon I will take my leaue.
Ben. We do congratulate your ſafe returne.
Exit Caraffa & Bent. *Cæſar looketh on his letters.*
Cæ. Come hither *Baglioni* ſpeake ſincerely,
Knowſt thou *Brandano Roſſi* th' apothecary.
Bag. What I my gratious Lord? know I my ſelfe?
Cæ. How ſhould I know that ſir?
Ba. May it pleaſe your highnes he ſerues his Holines.
Cæ. He did indeed ſometime and for his villanies,
Is worthily caſt off: but tell me ſirra:
Thou do'ſt remember how for breach of armes
When thou vſdſt ſtaba certaine lance-prizado:
I pardon'd thee thy life.
Bag. True my good Lord I very well remember,
He was a lowſie villain, marry was he,
And if he liued yet ſuch is my ſtomacke,
That were he chopt in mammockes I could eate him:
But for that honour in a ſouldiers word
Ile ſpend my life to do your highneſſe ſeruice.
Cæ. Haſt thou thy peece then ready.
Bag. Oh my good Lord lies ſix, ſound as a bell,

With

With all my warlike furniture beſide
Good flask and touch-box, a *Valentia* blade
A ſlauiſh dagger, powder of *Rhemes* and bulletes
Here they beene.

Cæſ. Sometime this after-noone within the parke,
Next, to the *Vatican*, *Ratſie* will be:
And as I know thee ſtout and reſolute,
Beſtow a bullet on him as he paſſeth;
Few words; if any man attach thee for it,
By my protection thou ſhalt be enlarged.

Bag. And if I do not my good Lord damme me for it
I haue an old grudge at him cole black curre,
He ſhall haue two ſteele bullets ſtrongly charg'd
Nay but heere me my Lord?
Ile tell you what,
By this true fox of ſteele
I had as good a ſpaniell for the water,
As euer hunted ducke: and this true villaine
Becauſe my dog did eate vp a pannado
Within his houſe; what did that *Spaniſh* roague?
What did he thinke you my Lord?
Marry very faire an't inſtantly
Poyſon'd my ſpaniell with *Roſa-ſolis*,
A pox on him mincher, faith ile pay him his olde ſippence for't now.

Cæſ. Take this to buy thee clothes my truſty ſeruant,
Nay tis gold be not affeard of it.

Bag. Affeard my Lord
Were it a tempeſt in a ſhowre of gold
I would indure it and adore you for't.

Cæſ. Then *Baglion* fit thee to thy furniture,
Watch in a corner cloſe beyond ſome tree:
And when the deed is done repaire to me:
Say that thy peece went off againſt thy will,
Keepe a light match in cock, weare flaske and touch-box:
And take a murren with thee ſo fare-well;

Thus muſt I diue deepe in a villaines nature,
And thus muſt ſaue a villaine from the gallows
To play my partes in others purpoſes.
The man whome I to benefit would chooſe,
I muſt in matters of more moment vſe:
Or els I will not benefit a man,
And cut him of in ſequel if I can,

Bag. Heare me, but my good Lord marke my words well,
If ere *Henrico* ſhrink in this ſeruice
Caſtrate him, call him whip-ſtock, let him periſh,
For want of *Spaniſh* wines, and maluaſie.

Caſ. Then faile not my true ſeruant finely, cloſely. *Exit* Cæſ.

Bag. No more, but by this croſſe,
Why now this Noble *Cæſars* like himſelf,
Hath fitted me with ſeruice if the world,
Had ſought out ſom-what to content a man,
Nothing could better pleaſe old *Ballion*
Then to kill a raskall, coward, curre,
A *Spaniſh* ſquirt-vp, a black peyſning toade.
I like this trading better then the warres
For there I ſerue for two ducates a month,
And not a duck egge richer when I march
And in continuall hazard of my life
For which peraſe my peece kills twenty perſons:
Now ſhall I march in purſe with many ducates,
For one houres ſeruice but to kill one man,
Free from all danger of mine enemy,
I will about it and take vp my ſtand. *Exit.*

Enter Bernardo.

Bern. Thus doth one hideous act ſucceed an other,
Vntill the mouth of miſcheife be made vp:
Now muſt I traine my fellow to his death,
A deed of ruth and I did ſweare the ſame,
Not only for the ſecrecy thereof.

But to conceale a matter of more weight,
Of greater moment and high cruelty:
When any deed of murther muſt be done,
To ſerue his Holineſſe, call for *Bernardo*.
He muſt be principall or acceſſary
To ſerue all purpoſes; for gold or pardone,
The Pope giues both; and I can take them both:
Gold can make hard the ſofteſt conſcience,
And mine is harden'd by the practiſe of it.
Holla *Signeor Bandino*. *He knocketh at a dore,*

Enter Rotſie.

Rot. Who calls without there? what my good fellow *Bernardo*?
Very welcome: what newes with you?
Ber. My Lord hath ſent me for the things he ſpake of.
Rot. Here they be very ſtrong and ſufficiently compounded
According to directions from his Holineſſe,
And ſpeciall warrant vnder his priuy ſignet
I tried them on three men condemn'd to death:
For rapine and vile murther: but the firſt
Within leſſe then one quarter of an houre,
Puſt vp, grew leaprous and his heart ſtrings broake;
Then did I giue allay the ſecond time,
Enter Baglioni *with his peece.*
The ſecond prizoner died within three houres
I did the third time mittigate, a little,
And ſaw when it was miniſter'd the third man,
Who did within eight houres ſwell, rage and die.
Ber. Well haue you done your part, ſet downe your bottels,
And read this letter from the Duke *Valentinoys*,
He ſetteth downe his bottels and walking readeth to himſelfe.
Bag. Well ſayd braue *Pincoginger*, by mine honour
Before I do this ſeruice lie there peece.
For I muſt haue a ſaying to thoſe bottels, *He drinketh.*

Trueſlingo ſlingo by mine honour. Oh that mine old friend and *Boccadikio Fr. ſcobaldi* Weare heare a'iue againe to taſte of this other bottle. Well I will venter vpon it, that I may drinke one healthTo *Fr. ſcobaldi*, I will encounter with this ſtout *Hector*can, *Greeke*.

Were *Meleager* here that ſlew the boore,
Like a *Bonacchio* armed all in ſacke,
Or ſtoute *Achilles* in a pewter coate,
Or old *Aſſaracus* armed in a wicker Iyrkin,
Or *Priamus* armed with a leather Iacket,
Lin'd and vnboſt with Alligant and Holleck
By forch of armes and *Mars* his valiant hand,
I would encounter them whilſt I could ſtand.
The ſlaues are buiſie reading their paphlagonian papers,
I muſt haue a ſaying to your ſir I muſt; though,
You be prouided for his Holines owne mouth; I will be,
Bould to be the Popes taſter by his leaue.
Now truſty *Troylus, baſe los manos.*

Rot Let him alone it is the Dukes pleaſure,
That if he will taſte he ſhall be ſuffered,
And therefore I was commanded to ſet them downe,
In preſence of ſuch a fellow whome for his ſawcineſſe,
I haue pepered.

Bern. Oh tis a perilous villeine if you knew him ſo well as I, beleeue me he would peper you for it if he vnderſtood ſo much, peace man he hath broken vp the bottle let him drinke.

Rotſi. Nay let him drinke and burſt, for beleeue me I was enformed before of ſuch a fellowe; for whome I was commanded to lay bate; oh notable villeine, how he ſeaſteth death.

Brg. This is a Noble nipſter ifaith, ſo ſ'. *He drincketh.* Backe againe to kennell ſlaue.

Rot. He hath his full wages dout not *Bernardo*, to ſerue him till he die, ſeeme not to reſpect him in any caſe doe I pray you.

Ber. Nay but doe not you reſpect him, leaſt he doubte you ſuſpect him.

Rot. Oh doubt you not, doubt you not, I wil neuer looke, let vs turn

turne our talke. Tell his Holineſſe tis well compounded and compoſed of all thoſe drugges mentioned in your letter, giue the Duke right humble thankes for his token, and with all reuerence kiſſe his excellent hand.

Bern. And by this ſignet you are to deliuer me the bottles.

Rot. Haue a care of them and deliuer them.

Bernardo *receiueth the bottles.*

Ber. Farewell fellow *Rotſi.*

Rot. Adieu *Bernardo.*

Ber. Now doe not I pitty this *Spaniſh* villaine becauſe hee conſented to the poyſoning of this ſoldier, but for that I am innocent.

They goe forth two ſeuerall wayes and Rotſi *is ſhot by* Baglioni.*

Bag. What is the wild gooſe fallen? haue at you Sir, might a poore ſoldier ſpeake halfe a ſcore woords to your venemous worſhip and according to your accuſtomed ſurlineſſe haue no replyall: I beleeue you ſir, your wordes are not offenciue in any ſort I muſt confeſſe. Now thou infectious ſlaue, thou compictious Raſcal, thou confectionary villeine: where is you ſublimatum now ſir? where is your Ratsbanatum now? now where are your poyſoned pullets in ſtued-broth? where bee they? you neuer drempt of a poyſoned bullet, did you goe too? now *Signor curriganino* will I romage in the worme eaten keele of your rotten hulke: paſſion of my ſoule what papers are theſe. Foh powder, powder foh, whats here, I marry ſir I like this well, are you ſo purſie ſir, this may ſerue to ſtop a gap in my neighbours hedg, what is this you ſhow me with a ſhame to you, yea and maiſter of the ſmall ordinance too, this *Baſiliſk* hath beene often mounted where there hath beene hot and dangerous ſiruice in the Ile of *Iapan*, hold paſſion of me my guts, out vpon thee thou haſt poyſoned mee with thy ſtinking breath or with thy villonous powders, out alaſſe alaſſe what firie commotions I feele in my bodie gryping fretting and fuming, a plague on your bottle

bottle ale with a vengeance, I am peppered there is no remedie in all theſe extreame agonies: muſt draw this villeine further: and throw him into a ditch, *Deh veleno dell Diabolo*, farewell farewell my old *Skurcordillio Freſcobldi*: farewell Madam *Sempronia*, for in conſcience I am guilty of mine owne death oh the pangs of hell and purgatory; come you lowſie Raskall I will bury thee with carryon in the next ditch.

He draweth in Rotſi *by the heeles groning.*

SCÆ. 3.

Alexander, Cæſar Borgia.

Alex. Haue you deliuered to the bottleman,
The fatall wine.
Ceſ. I I gaue charge to *Bernardo*,
Hauing them ſafely ſeald with mine owne ſignet,
That when feaſting I do call for wine,
He ſhall breake vp the ſeales and fill that out,
For the two Cardinalls *Cornetto* and *Modina*.
Alex. Tis well, now if our plot proue right,
Thou ſhalt be maiſter of much welth to night,
Dying in eſtate all comes to my ſhare,
Caraffa loues a ſallet paſſing weil,
And I haue fitted one to ſerue his turne,
Their gould will make thy ſoldiers fight in blood,
And winge thy victories with good ſucceſſe.
Ceſa. Let vs noe longer entertaine the time,
By this the Cardinalls expect our preſence.
Alex. On with auſpicious ſteps triumphant *Cæſar*.
And entertaine them in braue iollity.

Exit.

SCÆ.

SCÆ. 4.

Sound loud muſicke · a cuppord of plate brought in. Enter with bottles Bernardo *with the bottleman.*

Ber. Haue ſpetiall care you that haue theſe in charge,
That theſe two ſealed bottels be not ſtird,
Vntill his Holines call for that wine
Bot. Feare not I will attend it as my life.

Sound trumpets ſolemnly, enter a table ſpread, Viandes brought in: after the trumpets ſound drums and fif; enter Alexander *in his pontificalls, after him* Cornetto *with* Cæſar, Barbaroſſa *with* Modina, Bentiuoli *with* Caraffa, *the Pope taketh his place, three Cardinalls on one ſide and captaines on the other.*

Alx. Martiall your ſelues heere ſworde-men and there Church-men.
Cæ. Here ſit we ſwordmen to defend the Church.
Alex. My Lords giue anſwere in ſinceritie,
Hath not my *Cæſar* fought well for the Church?
That hath ſo ſoone ſubiected in her right,
Imola, Furly, Camerino, Capua,
Vrbine, Faenza, Sinegaglia.
Braue *Cæſar* I muſt boſt of it in preſence,
That I Chriſtes vicare of his Church on earth,
Haue ſuch a ſonne which iſſued ſuom my loynes,
That being vicare of the Churches warres,
Hath in reuolution of one year,
Done more then all the generalls haue done,
In honor of our Church for ſortie yeares,
Corn. Your Holines with all your Cardinalls,
Your barrons and indeed all chriſtendome
Are bound to giue God thankes for ſuch a Prince,

And him great honor for his fortitude.

The Deuill commeth and changeth the Popes *bottles.*

Mod. Your excellence did in a bleſſed hower.
Surrender vp your Holy robes and hat,
Betaking you to burganet and armes,
By which you might enlarge our liberties.

Car. Iſaith my Lord and ſoe we haue all of vs good cauſe to reioyce, would I had bene with your excellence at *Capua*, I would had one bout with them as old as I am.

Caſ. You might my Lord haue had your choyſe of Ladies,
Bewtifull priſoners to be ſent to *Rome*.

Cara, I marry my Lord ſome what might haue beene ſaid to this geere *in diebus illis*, but *tranſeant cum ceteris erroribus*, would to GOD I weare as young as when I was a Scholler in *Padua*, faith then I could haue ſwingd a ſword and a buckler, and I did that then being but a ſpringall of 24. yeares which, be talkt of in *Padua* theſe 40. yeares I warrant it, faith my Lord were I ſo luſty now, I would goe with you to the warres this next ſpring thats flat, wil you eate any ſallet my Lord, faith here are excellent herbes if you loue them.

Caſa. They be my Lord too cold for my ſtomacke, wilt pleaſe you my Lord to drinke a cup of old *Greeke* wine with it, bring me ſome wine here.

Alex. Bring me ſome wine here I will drinke a Ioy to *Ceſar* and this Noble co mpany.

Caſ. Some wine for his Holines owne mouth, *Bernardo*.

Wine is brought to Alexander.

Alex. Ceſar your ſelfe are maſter of this feaſt,
I drinke a good ſucceſſe and victory,

Alexander *drinketh, trumpets ſound.*

To *Ceſar* and great happines to all.

Cæſar *drinketh.*

Caſa. Happy ſucceſſe and fortune to you all.

Alex. Hold *Caſar*; ſtay for wee are poyſoned,

ruſh from the table.

Ceſar

Cæſ. My Lord it is all of.
Alex. Then art thou quite vndone.
Cæſ. Some villanous conſpiracie lyes hid
Within this company, and this pernicious villaine
Cæſar *ſtabbeth* Bernardo.
Hath practiz'd with them; goe with thy ſoule to hell,
I feele the raging of it.
Corn. Away my Lord. *Modina* come away,
This traine was laide of purpoſe for our liues.
Mod. Our refuge and defence is from aboue,
Let Sathan worke, he neuer ſhall preuaile.
Exit Corn. *and* Modina.
Caraff. How doth my gratious Lord.
Alex. Oh very ſick: bring me preſeruatiues,
I thinke I haue as good as any man. Alex. *to his ſtudie.*
Cæſ. My Lord *Bentiuogli* take heere my keyes,
You know my ſtudy, ſearch my Cabbinet,
There ſhall you finde a little Chriſtall Phiall,
Wrapt vp in Sarcenet, bring it hether ſtraight,
I feele *Veſenus* raging in my guttes. *Exit.*
Alex. Heere *Cæſar* taſte ſome of this precious water,
Againſt all plague, poiſon, and peſtilence
A preſent helpe: I bought it of a Iew,
Borne and brought vp in *Galily*. Cæſar *taſteth.*
Cæſ. My Lord it is too forceable and hotte.
Alex. The flames of *Mongibell* conſume my liuer,
Bring me to ſome repoſe.
Caraff. Comfort your ſelfe my Lord.
Alex. *Cæſar* take reſt,
Send for Phyſitions, all my feare remaine,
That *Cæſar* ſhall miſcarry.
Cæſ. And all my griefe that both.
Noble *Bentiuogli* with-draw we both,
Vnto my Chamber, I am very ſick. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Aſtaroth and calleth.

Aſta. Belchar, Belchar, Belchar;
Bel. Varca, Varca, Varca,
Var. Aſtaroth, Aſtaroth, Aſtaroth.
The diuills meete and embrace.
Aſto. Let *Orcus Erebus* and *Acheron*,
And all thoſe Ghoſts which haunt the pitchy vaultes
Of cole black hags in *Cimerian* ſhades
Muſter themſelues in numbers numberleſſe,
To daunce about the Ghoſt of *Alexander*.
Var. Our firy region voyd of all religion,
And diuiliſh order by neceſſity,
Compell'd requires his preſent policy.
Bel. That fatall wine which for [illegible] Cardinalls,
He deſtined I tooke out of the place
And plac'd his owne wine for thoſe Cardinalls.
Bar. The date of his damnation is at hand.
Aſta. Be ready then for I the firſt will beate,
As ſwift as wirl-winde his black ſoule to *Stix*.
Bel. And I with poyſned toads will ſtop his mouth,
Whoſe heart was neuer ſatiſfied with luſt.
Aſta. And I with ſnakes and ſtinging *Scorpions*
Will ſcourge him for his pride and inſolence.
Var. And I with force of fiends will hall his limmes,
And pull them till he ſtretch an achor length.
Bel. And for his auarice I will fill his paunch,
With ſtore of moulten gold and boyling leade.
Aſto. Then let vs for his ſake a horne-pipe treade,
They daunce an antick.

CEN.

SCEN. *Vltima.*

Alexander *vnbraced betwixt two Cardinalls in his ſtudy looking vpon a booke, whilſt a groome draweth the Curtaine.*

Alex. You talke of pennance and of penitence,
Compunction with contrition and remiſſion
For all my ſinnes; I pray you thinke of yours
You vex your ſelues too much I cannot thank you.
Haue patience ſirs; oh tis a goodly *exorciſme*
Quem penitet peccaſſe pœne eſt innocens
Giue leaue, giue leaue, come hither when I call
Eyther mere fooles or good phiſitions all.

They place him in a chayre vpon the ſtage, a groome ſetteth a Table before him.

Nay leaue me good my lords, faine would I meditate,
Leaue me I pray you.
Caraf. We leaue our praiers with your Holineſſe,
Call vpon God, thinke of his endleſſe bounty.
Ale. Pray for your ſelues, troble not me with praiers,
I pray you troble not your ſelues with praying.
Alex. ſolus. What is repentance? haue I not forgotten?
He looketh vpon a booke.
Why repentance is a ſpirituall martiredome,
Which mortifieth ſinnes and heales the ſoule:
Hauing beene wounded with the ſpirits ſword
This ſword Gods booke: that booke by me profain'd
And by which booke of God my ſoule is damn'd,
I damn'd vndoubtedly.
Oh wretched *Alexander*, ſlaue of ſinne
And of damnation; what is he that can
Deliuer thy poore ſoule? oh none but he
That when thou didſt renounce him caſt of thee.
Repentance is in vaine, mercy too late,

Oh why ſhould miſerable mortall man,
Whoſe languiſhing breath liues in his noſtrills
Vex and torment himſelfe with dayly trauell
To ſcrape vp heapes of gold to gape for honors?
What were the conqueſts of great *Alexander*:
Of *Cyrus*, *Cayus Cæſar*? what were it
To be poſſeſſed of this vniuerſe
And leaue it all behind him in a moment?
Might ſome one man attaine that happineſſe
Which our firſt *Adam* had in *Parradice*,
Before he did preuaricate? why then
It were a worke of laſting worthineſſe
To rippe the bowells of our mother *Ops*
For treaſure; and to conquer all the world,
Becauſe eternity would promiſe it,
Out, out alas my paines, my guttes, my liuer
And yet I feare it not: though in ſecurity
Once more I will with powrefull exorciſmes,
Inuoke thoſe Angells of eternall darkeneſſe
To ſhew me now the manner of death.

Alexander *draweth the Curtaine of his ſtudie where hee diſcouereth the diuill ſitting in his pontificals*, Alexander *croſſeth himſelfe ſtarting at the ſight.*

Diu. What doſt thou ſtart foule child of reprobation
Vaine are thy croſſes, vaine all exorciſmies,
Thoſe be no fruites of faith but mere hypocriſie:
Signa te ſigna temeré me tangis & angis
Roma *tibi ſubito motibus ibit amor.*
Rome Which once was thy gorgeous concubine
Hath now forſaken thee: now doth ſhe finde,
Thy falſhood which did her adulterate
What doſt thou tremble ſlaue of ſinne and hell?

Alexander *taketh his booke of Magicke, the Diuil laugheth.*

Alex.

Alex. I exorciſe thee foule malignant ſpirit
In the names of,of,of ——————
Diuil. Of what? foule mouth,poluted ſoule?
Corrupted fleſh; God hath forſaken thee,
Thy date expired is,thy powre determined.
Alex Diſſolue, diſſolue,break,breake,black ſoule diſſolue,
And poyſon all this hemiſphere with ſinne.
Diu. Thy death and diſſolution ſtand at dore,
Reſolue now to diſſolue,thy ſoule is ours.
Alex. Proud *Lucifer* Traytor,to great *Iehouah*,
Father of lies my time is not expir'd
I will not do that violence to God,
Taking that which is his from him
To be beſtow'd on his great enemy.
Diu. Thou that haſt throwne thoſe graces in his face,
How canſt thou think vpon ſaluation?
Think that th'art damn'd, I will declare it plainely.
They ſit togither.
Alex. Seauen years are yet to come,I look for them.
Diu. Examine thy ſoule with this counterparte.
Alex. Behold it?is it not for eight years & 8. daies?
Diu. Thou foole examine in Arithmetik,
Numbers without diſtinction placed thus.
Annos with the figure 11. ſignifying eleuen years, & the figure,
Seauen applyed to *Dies* importing ſeauen daies.
Alex. How?how?how?how?howes that?
Deh quella malitia del Diabolo: Deh quello veleno del inferno.
And for what ſtands this figure then?
Diu. Why for eighteene this figure ſtands for *octauo* referred
vnto *dis* laſt before, ſignifying th'eight day after, ſo that *Annos*
vndecem without diſtinction ſignifying eleauen years; and this
figure ſeauen added to daies;and thāt *octauo poſt*,importing the
eight day following,*moriere*, thou ſhalt die. I meane thy bodie
with thy ſoule in reſpect of Heauen.
Thus many daies haſt thou continued Pope,
And this is thy laſt day deſign'd by fate,

Ale.

Alex. Thou canſt not mock me with thy Sophiſtrie,
My ſoule is more diuine and cannot periſh.
Dinil. Thy ſoule foule beaſt is like a Menſtruous cloath,
Peluted with vnpardonable ſinnes.
Alex. Know then malignant Angell of confuſion,
My ſoule is a diuine light firſt created
In likneſſe liuely formed to the word,
Which word was God, that God the cauſe of cauſes,
My ſoule is ſubſtance of the liuing God,
Stampt with the ſeale of heauen, whoſe Carracter
Is his eternall word, at which hell trembles.
Dinil. And what of that? thou therein haſt no part,
I do confeſſe thy ſoule was firſt ordayn'd
To good: but by free-will to ſinne thou ſlaue,
Haſt ſold that ſoule from happineſſe to hell.
Alex. Marke yet what I can anſwer for this ſoule.
Mightie *Iehouah* moſt exuperant,
Two creatures made in feature like himſelfe,
The world and man: world reaſonable and immortall,
Man reaſonable, but diſſoluble and mortall,
And therefore man was called *Microcoſmus*,
The little world, and ſecond tipe of God,
Conteyning thoſe high faculties and functions,
And elements which are within the world.
Man then that doth participate with all,
Through operation, conuerſation, and ſimboliſation,
With matter in the ſubiect properly,
With th'elements in body quadrifarie,
With growing plants in vertue vegitatiue
In ſence with beaſts; with heauens by th'influence
Of the ſuperiour ſpirits into th'inferiour
In wiſedome and capacitie with Angels,
With *Eloym* in that great continent,
Is without doubt preſerued by that God,
Finding all things conteined in himſelfe.
Dinil. Anſwer me vaine Philoſopher to this,

Thou

Thou that haſt planted man in this perfection,
Not looking on thy deteſtable ſoule,
Which firſt like a pure leafe of whiteſt Lilly,
Cleere from all blemiſh was beſtow'd by God,
And thou foule beaſt didſt ſhamefully polute it,
Is it not one of humaine faculties,
To propoſe for your ſelues the beſt you can,
Where other creatures carryed with blinde force,
Make them-ſelues bond-ſlaues to the preſent time.
The ſcope of mans creation was to glorifie
The moſt all potent maker of all things,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of all bountie,
But he that wilfully betrayes this ſoule,
That pretious Iewell wherein God delights,
Diſhonors God and doth depriue himſelfe,
Of all ſaluation and beatitude.

Alex. Reſt with this anſwer, that my ſoule is Gods
Whoſe habitacle is prepar'd in heauen.
Firſt it doth know God being figured
According to that Image of himſelfe,
And then the world whoſe liuely ſhape it beares,
And to conclude, the ſoule of man knowes all,
Becauſe with all things it doth ſimbolize,
For in this Man there is a minde intelligent,
A quickning word and a celeſtiall ſpirit,
That like a lightning euery way diffuſed,
All things which are made by the mighty power,
Vniteth, moueth, and repleniſheth.

Diu. Theſe things ſhould haue beene thought vpon before,
The *ſummum bonum* which liues in the ſoule,
Is an eternall pleaſure to behold,
And haue fruition of the mightie power,
Which thou didſt neuer ſee, nor canſt enioy.

Alex. Pawſe yet a little, let me meditate.

Alexander *holdeth vp his hands wringing and ſofily crying.*

Mercy, mercy, mercy; ariſe ariſe: vp, vp, vp: fy, fy: ne, no? ſtirre ſtubburne, ſtonie, ſtiff indurate heart, not yet, vp, why, what *i* wilt thou not foule traytor? to my ſoule? not yet?

The Diuill laugheth.

Ariſe, ariſe, aduaunce heart clogg'd with ſinne,
Oppreſſed with damnation: vp aduaunce yet.
Wilt thou not ſtirre ſtiffe heart? what am I damn'd?
Yet a little, yet a little, oh yet: not yet? alas.
High God of heauens and earth if thou beare loue,
Vnto the ſoule of ſinfull man ſhew mercy,
Mercy good Lord, oh mercy, mercy, mercy.
Oh ſaue my ſoule out of the Lyons pawes,
My darling from the denne of blacke damnation,
My ſoule, my doue, couer with ſiluer wings,
Her downe and plumage make of fine tryed gould,
Help, help, help, aboue, ſtirre, ſtirre, ſtupiditie.

Diu. He charmes in *Danids* words with *Iudas ſpirit*,

Alex. It will not, no it will not: yet alas, no, no, no? is that my ſentence to damnation?
I am vndone, vndone.

Diuill. He ſhall diſpaire, vaſſall of ſinne and hell,
Prouide thy ſelfe in black diſpaire to dwell.

He ceazeth on his face.

Alex. I tell thee I cannot be reſolu'd,
To dwell in darkeneſſe breake blacke ſoule diſſolue;
And poyſon all this Hemiſphere with ſinne,

Heere Alexander is in extreame torment and groneth whilſt the diuill laugheth at him.

Alex. And if I may not reach that happineſſe,
Since for my ſonnes ſake I my ſelfe inthral'd,
Tell me ſhall *Ceſar* die this death with me?

Diuill. *Ceſar*; his youth and ſtrength of blood driues out
This fatall poyſon and ſhall liue a while.

Alex. Oh ſhew me then the manner of his death,

Diu. Attend it time growes ſhort all feare is paſt.

The

The Diuill bringeth from the doore Lucreciaes *Ghoſt, and after her the ghoſt of* Candie *ſtabbed.*

Alex. What meanes that ghaſtly ſhadow which came firſt?

Diuil. By that which repreſents *Lucretia*,
Leprous and poiſoned is thy death declar'd,
By poyſon which now ſtruggleth with thy ſpirits,
And by that other which ſets out to thee,
The murther of thy ſonne the Duke of *Candy*,
Prefigur'd is the death of thy ſonne *Ceſar*,
Thou for the poyſoning of thy daughter poyſoned;
He for the murthering of his brother murthered.

Alex. Thus God is onely iuſt.

Diu. The Diuill cannot deny it.

Alex. Man onely falſe.
Learne miſerable wretched mortall men,
By this example of a ſinfull ſoule,
What are the fruites of pride and Auarice,
Of cruell Empire and impietie,
Of prophanation and Apoſtacie,
Of brutiſh luſt, falſehood, and perfidie,
Of deepe diſſembling and hypocriſie,
Learne wicked worldlings, learne, learne, learne by me
To ſaue your ſoules, though I condemned be.

Sound a Horne within, enter a Diuill like a Poaſt.

1 *Diu.* Here comes a fatall meſſage, I muſt hence. *Exit.*

Alex. My roabes, my roabes, he robs me of my roabes,
Bring me my roabes or take away my life,
My roabes, my life, my ſoule and all is gone.

Alexander *falleth in an extaſie vpon the ground.*

2. *Diuil.* From the pale horror of eternall fire,
Am I ſent with the wagon of blacke *Dis*,
To guide thy ſpirit to the gates of death,
Therefore I ſummon thee to come with ſpeed,
For horrizons now ſtand thee not inſteed.

Alexander *aduanceth a little.*

Alex. Horror and horror, feare enſueth feare,

Torment with tormentes is Incompaſſed:
Diſpaire vpon diſpaire, damnation
Vpon damnation, hell and conſcience,
Murther, luſt, auarice, impiety,
Vaine prophanation and apoſtacie,
Rage and diſtraction tiranize: away,
Away proud *Lucifer*, away.

Diuill. away, away. *The Diuill windeth his horne in his eare and there more diuills enter with a noiſe incompaſſing him, Alexander ſtarteth.*

Alex. Holla, holla, holla, come, come, come, what, when, where when, why, deaf, ſtrike, dead, aliue, oh alas, oh alas, alwaies burning, alwayes freezing, alwayes liuing, tormented, neuer ending, neuer, neuer, neuer mending, out, out, out, out, why, why, whether, whether, thether,

Diuills. Thether, thether, thether.

Thunder and lightning with fearefull noiſe the diuells thruſt him downe and goe Triumphing.

Enter Cardinalls and Bentiuoli.

Bent. What is he dead?

Car. Dead, and in ſuch a faſhion,
As much affrights my ſpirits to remember,
Thunder and fearfull lightning at his death,
Out cries of horror and extremity.

Bent. Cauſe all your bells to ring my lords of *Rome*,
Rome is redeemed from a wicked Pope.

Car. God hath beheld vs with his eyes of mercy,
His name be glorified, ioyne all in prayer,
And giue him praiſe that tooke away your ſhame.

Bent. Goe your proceſſion, ſing your letinies,
And let your Churches through with multitudes,
Banquets and bonfiers through the Citty make.
In ſigne our Church is freed from infamy.

Car. Euen as his ſpirit was inflate with pride,

Behold

Behold his bodie puffed vp with poyſon,
His corps ſhall be conuaied to ſaint *Peeters*,
Open for all beholders, that they may
See the reward of ſinne, amend and pray.

Guicchiardine.

Th'omnipotent great guider of all powers,
(Whoſe eſſence is pure grace, and heauenly loue,
As he with glorie crownes heroyick actions,
Bearing a taſte of his eternall vertue)
So ſemblably doth he with terror ſtrike,
In heauie vengeance ſinnes deteſtable:
As in this tragike myrrour to your eyes,
Our ſceane did repreſent in *Alexander*,
Flagicious Cæſar his ambicious ſonne,
Reſerv'd for more calamities to come,
After he was impriſoned by the Church,
Eſcap't into the kingdome of *Nauarre*,
Vnto King *Iohn* then brother to his wife:
Where in an ambuſh at *Viano* ſlaine,
Iuſt *Nemeſis* repaide his treacherie.

Epilogus.

HEroicke and benevolent ſpectators,
Your gratious eares, and curious obſervations,
Iuditious cenſures, and ſweete clemencie,
Haue thus addreſt our Tragick Theater,
T'exchange contentment, for benignitie:
Humbly denoted to your good deſires.
For ſome delight, cauſe of diſcourſe for others,
For all example, and for none offence,
Your fauours are a royall recompence.
Which when our loftie Muſes ſhall perceiue,
Then in more pompous and triumphant ſtate,
Your eyes with glory ſhall the deeds receaue
Of mightie Monarches, Kings, and change of fate,
By me thoſe perſons which our Scene preſented,
Kiſſe all your hands, and wiſh you well contented.

FINIS.

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Barnes, Barnabe
The devil's charter

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